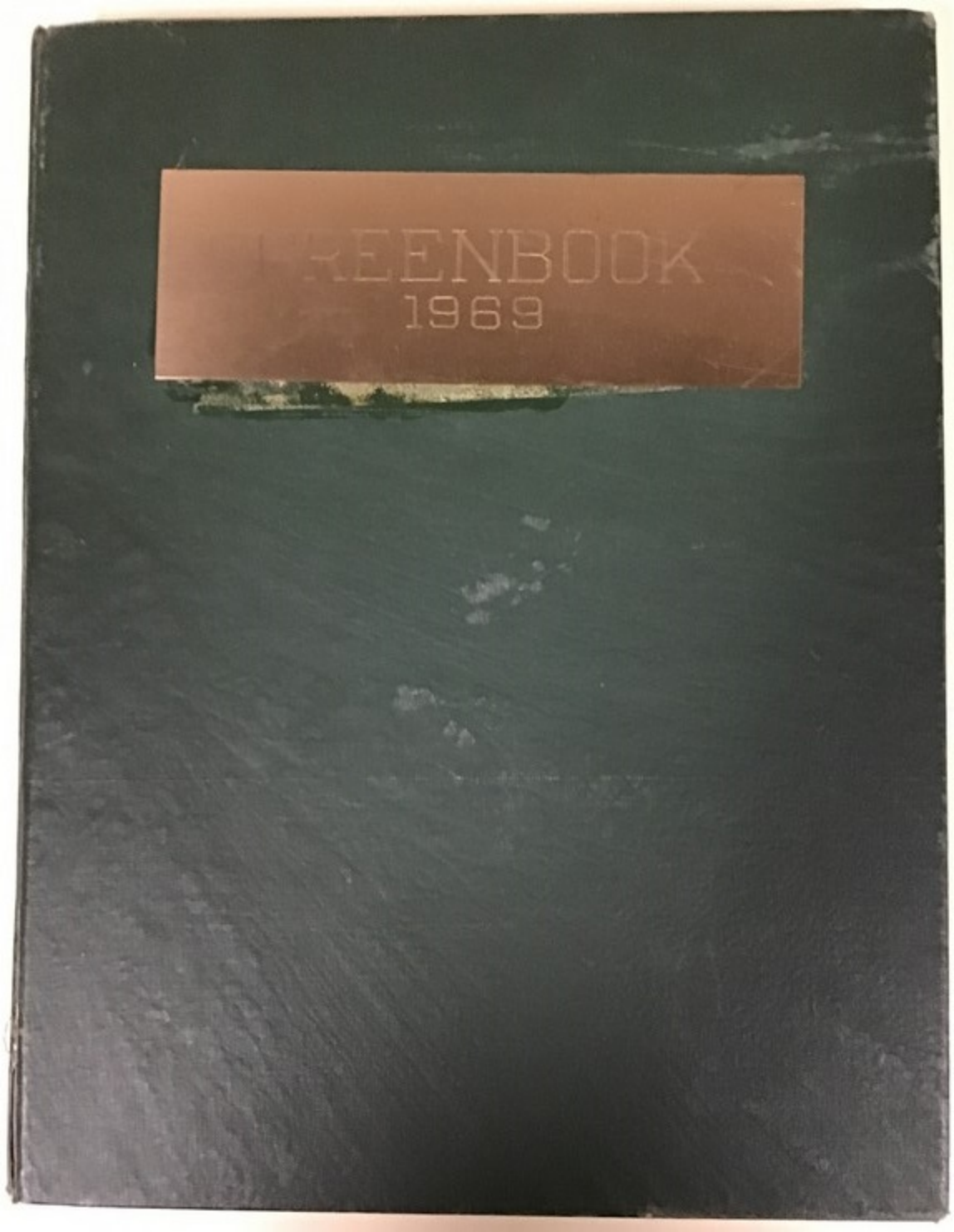
GREENBOOK
1969


REENBOOK
1969

Greenbook 1969

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Editorial

The staff of the Greenbook of 1969 has chosen "Reflections" as its theme. We feel that this theme is appropriate for several reasons. For each one of us as freshmen, this first year of college has probably been one of the most reflective of our lives. Our new environment, new friends, and new learning experiences have caused us to think deeply on many subjects. In the Greenbook the freshmen have expressed their sometimes happy, sometimes sad, but always truthful and sincere reflections concerning nature, the past, college, life, and love.

The fiftieth year of Eastern Nazarene's service to education in Quincy adds to our theme of "Reflections." The past fifty years have recorded many memories which seem fitting to reflect upon at this anniversary.

This is the Greenbook for 1969. As you read our thoughts, let your mind wander and reflect on nature, college, love, your past, and your life.

Paula Hock

Appreciation

...of her valuable assistance, Miss Karen Coil, Adviser.

...of his kind cooperation, John Smith, Binder.

...of their dedication to their work, the English professors: Mr. Lyle Calhoun, Miss Karen Coil, Dr. Marvin Dirks, Dr. Louise Dygoski, Mrs. Joyce Etulain, Mrs. Alice Kauffman, Dr. Wallace Pollock, and Miss Alice Spangenberg.

In Dedication

...to one who has devoted her life to Eastern Nazarene College and to her students.

A pioneer of the first graduating class and the first alumnus to be given a place on the faculty, she has distinguished herself as a superior teacher of English. Her dedication to the individual student as well as the college, her affluent personality, and her effective Christian witness have made her an incarnate part in Christian education.

The class of 1972 takes great pleasure in dedicating this edition of the 1969 Greenbook to Professor Alice Spangenberg.

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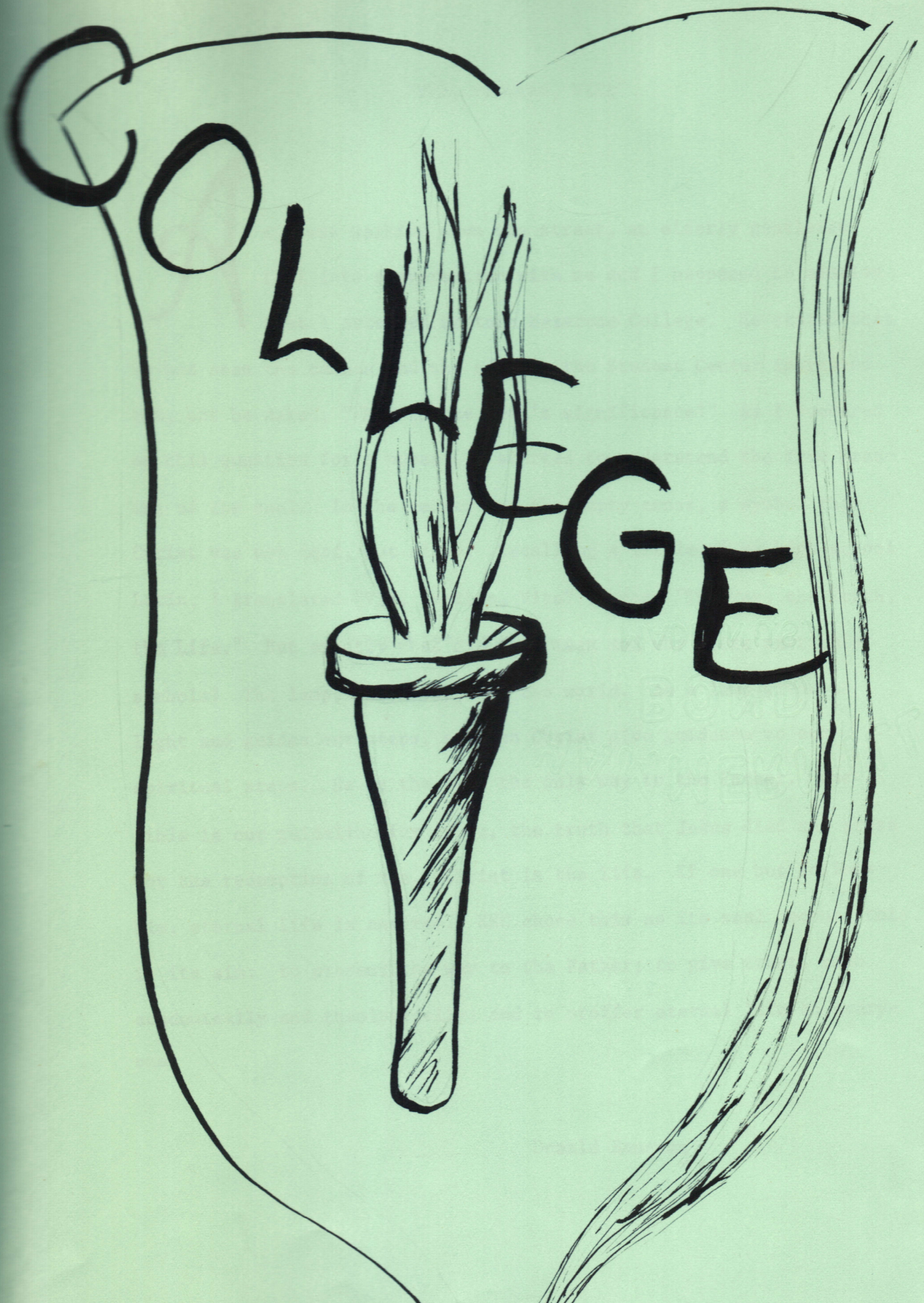

COLLEGE

"VIA, VERITAS, VITA"

As I was walking down the street, an elderly gentleman fell into conversation with me and I happened to mention that I attended Eastern Nazarene College. He stated that he had seen the campus and the seal on the Student Center impressed him, but he asked, "What is the seal's significance?" As I pondered on this question for a moment, I started to understand the true meaning of the seal. In the center was the empty cross, a symbol that Christ was not dead, but alive. Recalling a little of my high school Latin, I translated "Via, Veritas, Vita" to mean "The Way, the Truth, the Life." But exactly what did this mean and why those particular symbols? The lamp, the Bible, and the world. As a lamp gives us light and guides our steps, so does Christ give guidance to our spiritual steps. He is the way, the only way to the Father. The Bible is our guideline for truth, the truth that Jesus died and arose for the redemption of man. Christ is the life. If one but follows him, eternal life is assured. ENC chose this as its seal because this is its aim: to present the way to the Father; to give trust, both academically and theologically; and to proffer eternal life to everyone.

Donald Bausman

THOUGHTS ABOUT MY DESTINY

Here I am. Sitting in a dimly lit room in Memorial Hall. As I sit on the edge of my cot scraping the dirt off my feet, I'm wondering what I'm doing here in the crowded metropolis of Boston, Massachusetts. Four months ago I was happily living in that seemingly desolate area of central Pennsylvania. I was working but I was happy. I could come and go when I pleased, and do what I wanted, even if it didn't conform to the rules of the institution I now attend. Suddenly when I was wrenched from my family and friends and thrust into the vast conglomeration of people and the new environment, I could see that my days of "freedom" had ended and that I was faced with the cruel reality of facing life on my own.

I didn't want to leave the shelter of my father's home, but now I realize that that is the way it has to be. If I hadn't moved far away from home I would still be tied to the home and the same old rut. Not that I wouldn't like to have stayed home, but I can see that if I want to develop into a mature person I have to break away from the home and strike out on my own. I still get homesick, that's for sure, perhaps now in the fall more than ever. I can still remember the fall at home with the smell of drying maple and oak leaves permeating the air. To me it's the smell of deer season. Can you imagine hunting at this time every year, then suddenly being ripped away from the thing you love and cramped into a stuffy room while at

the same time your instinct is telling you that you should be out in the wilds, breathing crisp, cold mountain air and trampling on a soft carpet of leaves that extends as far as you can see?

If you can, you have some idea how I feel. Pacing back and forth in my room, I can almost hear the twigs and leaves rustle under my foot. For a fleeting second as I glance out my window I see a flash of white that looks like the tail of a deer, but then the crushing truth of reality tells me it is just a sea gull and that I am dreaming when I should be studying.

It hurts to face reality 500 miles from home, but perhaps it makes the experience more meaningful for me. Someday when I have shildren and they have questions or problems about life I'll be able to answer their questions with a special insight from my own personal experiences. Since I'll only want what is best for my children, the more lessons I learn on my own the better I'll be able to help my children solve their problems as they grow up. Maybe I'll be albe to keep them out of the pitfalls I fell into. With this thought in mind, maybe there is some reason for my being here: to learn what life has to teach me so that I can pass it on to the next generation.

Don Keith

E.N.C. AND I

Since I lived across the street from Eastern Nazarene College for eighteen years it has always played an important role in my life. I have seen many changes take place in the college as has the college, no doubt, seen many changes take place in me.

As my father was a trustee of the college I was allowed to join in with the little band of specially privileged faculty kids who swarmed over the campus like proprietors. The campus with its green lawns, trees, bushes, and many buildings were especially inviting to our mischievious curiosity. It was on these sidewalks that I learned to ride a bicycle, race a go-cart and roller skate. Under the shade of the trees I played dolls, cowboys and Indian, and Tarzan. The buildings were uncharted areas for exploration or a game of hide and seek. And of course it was our little group who felt the most abused when any person seemingly assuming authority attempted to disband our expeditions up and down the halls and through the flower beds.

E.N.C. has been an ever-increasing part of my life. My neighbors were all college faculty and staff. I attended college church and had students or faculty for Sunday School teachers. Every year my mother would hire a college girl to either iron or clean. Sunday dinners were much more fun when we invited some of the students in

As our band of faculty children grew up we were used as guinea pigs for student training programs. I can remember one year participating in a beginning Spanish class and the next year in a French class. I took all my music lessons from either faculty or students. Whenever the drama club needed children in the presentations we were called upon. The education majors would practice giving tests, having classes, or trying out their new teaching devices on us. It was always interesting throughout my elementary and secondary school years to see what past student would be our teacher or what current student would be our practice teacher.

As my growth continued I found that while others of my age went to record hops, pot parties, or the local drive-ins I had the privilege of attending Friday night activities at E.N.C. I listened to speakers and musicians, watched films, and went to Crusader basketball games, considering my entertainment equal to, if not better than, that of those who pitied me for not being able to dance or go to the movies.

I have seen many changes take place on Eastern Nazarene College campus. In eighteen years I have seen the whole layout of the campus altered by tearing down and building of buildings. I have seen students come and go and then come back to teach. Most of the experiences in my life have been centered around Eastern Nazarene College, its campus or its population. Eastern Nazarene College has shaped my life a great deal and is promising to play an even greater role, for now I have not only a social relationship but also an academic one with her.

Kathy Angell

MY OBSTACLES

Before coming to college, I had received plenty of advice and many tips on how to succeed in college. I had listened intently to every suggestion, and made a mental note of the do's and don't's of college life. I felt my adaptation to my new life would be relatively easy, as I was two years older than the average freshman, and in my estimation, I was more mature.

But in the few weeks that I have been here, I have come up against many obstacles that I never knew existed; two of the obstacles being convictions and conformity. As a Christian, I had set up certain standards for my life and had lived up to these standards at home. My environment was a conservative one, and I had not done many things because I had been brought up believing that they were wrong. My faith has suddenly been jolted by the sudden awakening to the fact that there are many Christians at E.N.C. who do the exact things that I have always been taught were wrong. I have begun to question myself as to my true convictions, and am torn between two alternatives. One is to hold fast to my convictions, and be satisfied in them. But I ask myself, "Are these really convictions given to me by God?" Another alternative is to conform to the crowd and say, "They are Christians and they can do it, so why can't I?" But I realize that this is only rationalizing. The only way I can overcome these obstacles is to go to God and rely on Him to guide me in my decisions.

Another obstacle that I have had to face is self-discipline. This is the largest obstacle which will be the hardest to overcome. My conscience has been pricked many times by the thought of all of my books piled on my desk waiting to be opened and studied while I sit in the Student Center sipping my coke and rehashing the events of last night's date. My "five minutes more" turn into "ten" and "twenty." When I finally make it to my room, I find my body physically and mentally unfit for anything but sleep. My mind has to be disciplined to the fact that studying comes first at college, and my time of relaxation must take the back seat.

I have also found myself constantly frustrated. There is always that burden of work to be done hanging over my head, and it seems as if the harder I work, the further behind I become. But one word of encouragement or good grade blots out this thought, and this makes it all semm worth while. This leads to the idea that a person's greatest achievements and biggest disappointments are experienced in college.

Added to these many larger obstacles are several smaller ones. I have experienced moments of acute homesickness, self=pity, inferiority, and depression. At one moment I am completely content, and I feel as if I really belong here. At the next moment I feel nothing but complete despair, and think of myself as a social outcast without one friend. No one here could care less if I lived or died.

It is hard to adjust to all of these problems that I have had to face. But I am glad for them. They have made me open my eyes to myself, and search myself for the true values in life. To over-

come these obstacles is a great challenge to me, but I know with enough self-discipline and faith in myself and God, a victory for me, Peggy Dougherty, will have been won.

Peggy Dougherty

COVERBOOK PERSONALITIES

Standing in the midst of hundreds, maybe even thousands, of empty auditorium seats, the "inner you" can show itself without fear or inhibition. Among those empty seats is a vibration which your inner personality seems to receive. Being all alone, you tend to become brave and bold with your thoughts and actions. Your every move is made with pride. You have no fear of standing on the stage and giving a long speech without any nervousness. You don't stumble or mumble. You are strong-willed, bold and boisterous. You let the real you come out of hiding. As you walk through the aisles and aisles of empty seats, you can't imagine why the real you can't come out when the place is crowded with people. You look back at the times when you wish you had been able to be so bold in front of an audience. Then, when you are back in a crowd, you go back to your coverbook personality.

John Dalton

FOURTH FLOOR: HEAVEN

One of the most exciting things about college life is living in a dormitory. I imagine that most girls were as excited as I when the letter came saying with whom and where I was to room. But as I read the long-awaited letter the excitement in my smile dwindled into a very deep frown and my exclamation of joy turned into a loud moan. "The fourth floor!" I wailed. "Why I might as well live in Heaven as live on the fourth floor of a dormitory!" Only after my sister reassured me that it would only be for my freshman year, did I calm down. With all the preparations needed for my college life, I soon forgot about my misfortune concerning my new lodgings.

The day finally arrived for me to enter my cubical on the fourth floor. After walking up forty-nine steps, I had no word to describe room 401 except "high." I recovered sufficiently and said, "The room is cheery and pastel yellow is my favorite color. I can really appreciate the room after walking up forty-nine steps to get to it!" You don't know what you've missed 'til you've carried all the things a girl brings to college up forty-nine steps--ninety eight round trip! After the car was unloaded and my belongings stacked in 401, I felt as if I had walked to Heaven and back. Then I started to look on the bright side of living on the fourth floor: just think of all the weight I would lose climbing all those steps every day for the nex t nine months!

In the few days that followed, about twelve other girls had made the journey up the forty-nine steps. One girl was from my home church district. She and I knew each other before we came to E.N.C. and our friendship grew in the weeks that followed.

As the beginning of school crept closer, some of the girls got together and decided to have a party. In an informal atmosphere, the girls on the floor could get acquainted. Thursday night was set for our "Get Acquainted Party." We all gathered in room 420. Carla opened our conversation by giving her reaction to living on the fourth floor. Ginny shared my idea of fourth floor being "Heaven." The girls laughed at fourth floor being anything like Heaven. Marie laughed the loudest and longest. She is the kind of girl that can find something funny in everything that was said. We called her a "snazzy naz," meaning of course a very 'with it' Nazarene. Ginny and I were shocked at some of the things she did and did not feel condemned for. "Oh well," I thought, "Nazarenes differ all over the world."

Carla, Marie's roommate, was the loudest "angel" in our "Heaven." She dominated most of the conversation, not necessarily because she was the most interesting, but because when she talked no one else could be heard.

We have three P.K.'s on fourth floor. Linda is one of them. She and her roommate, Phyllis, sing like nightingales. They sang all evening to prove it. When Linda wasn't singing, she told us about the boy back home who was then in Viet Nam.

Barbara is our angel with a Bostonian accent. We teased her about the way she talked all evening. Her accent and my Pennsylvania Dutch made us sound as if we were from two different countries. Barb was the only girl on the fourth floor that was going steady.

The inhabitants of fourth floor would not be complete without mentioning Clumsy Cathy. It is a miracle she even survived the party, for every time she stood up she fell back down. She couldn't even turn around without tripping over her own feet! We learned about her that night at the party. Since then she is always the first one to walk down the steps. If she is first and falls, she only hurts herself. Everytime we walk down the steps, Cathy falls down at least two. That is one way to make the trip down forty-nine steps shorter, but it isn't any easier. Cathy is a very clumsy angel.

The quiet angel in "Heaven" is my roommate Rosemary. She is so quiet she scares me because I wonder if she is still living. When Rosemary hears Carla coming, she shuts our door so Carla won't come in. Rosemary and Carla are as different as candy and spinach!

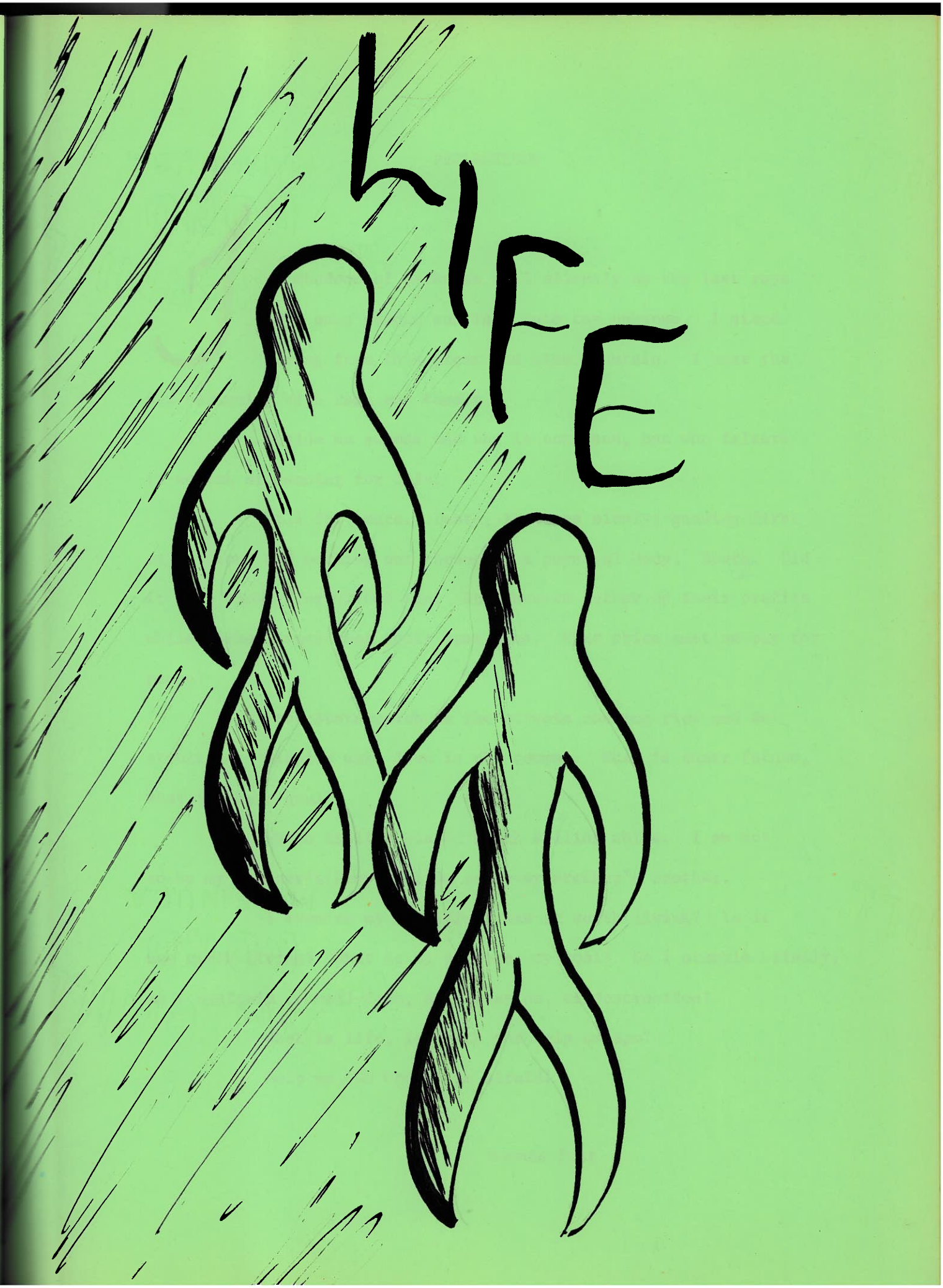
As school has progressed and the unity among the "angels" has grown, we have shared all the food we received in our "Care" packages from home. One week had been an exceptionally good week for packages. Our second party of the year took place in our monitor's room. We had all kinds of food: fudge, hard candy, toffee, pretzels, chocolate chip cookies, Oreos, and flavored crackers. To wash it all down, we had cocoa, tea, and coffee. What a feast it was! Girls were sitting on the floor and on the beds, eating and talking all at

once. Barb filled us in on the news from Bethany Nazarene, where her boyfriend was going to school; Ginny told us about some of her exciting dates; Linda told us the news from Viet Nam; and Phyl told us about the songs A cappella Choir was rehearsing.

The unity on our floor is such that any two girls can discuss a problem and receive help from just talking. When a problem comes up, it is relayed to the other girls and a prayer meeting commences. It doesn't matter if the girls are freshmen, sophomore, juniors, or seniors, only that she believes in the power of prayer. Everyone on fourth floor can testify to the wonderful power of prayer in a Christian's life. It is a relief to know that there are always Christian friends around who are willing to help you.

When I first received that letter saying I would spend my freshman year in 401 Munro Hall, I was discouraged. Little did I know what an encouragement living on fourth floor would be. The girls that live there make it a refuge in time of trouble and a realm in which to share our victories. Living in "Heaven" has been such a blessing to me that I plan to monitor fourth floor next year. Maybe I can help new freshmen girls in the ways that I was helped this year.

Jeanne Tressler


LIFE

REFLECTIONS

The shadows of darkness fall silently as the last rays of a once golden sun fade into the unknown. I stand gazing from this great and high mountain. I hear the sea beckoning with rage and tumult.

Beside me stands one who is confused, one who falters in search of meaning for life.

Kill for peace. Death, it comes slowly; gnawing first at the soul and working out through the physical body. Death. Did it come slowly for 22,000 men. Businessmen gather up their profits while mothers weep over their lost sons. What price must we pay for peace?

Protestors march in the streets causing riot and destruction. Hippies make love in the common. What is their future, what is their goal?

White killing black, black killing white. I am not to be my brother's keeper, I am to be my brother's brother.

I examine my own life. Was it worth living? Is it now worth living? What is my purpose, my goal? Do I stumble blindly, am I unafraid of hell-fire, of damnation, of destruction?

What is life, is death the only escape?

Help me, Oh God, I am afraid!

Bonnie Post

LIFE IS SHORT

About ten years ago, living seemed to me an eternity. I would wake up each morning and meet my girlfriend at the corner and hurry to school. We never thought about how much time we had to do schoolwork, play house, ride bikes, and buy ice cream cones. Being eight years old, I didn't realize then that all life has an end. I knew what the word "death" meant, but its meaning left no impression on my mind of the true experience of seeing death.

Little by little I learned about life and its shortness. One of the first pictures of death that influenced me greatly was attending the funeral of my grandmother. I stared at her so long expecting her at any minute to wake up and talk to me. But she never did!

A couple years later as my girlfriend, my brother, and I walked home from school, a car flew around the corner and down the street where we were. Suddenly, the car went out of control, swerved off the road, and crashed into the front porch of our house. Death had missed us by a few feet.

After finishing grade school, I went into junior high school; I pushed past experiences with death far back into my mind. I was a teenager and I wanted to live and have fun every minute of every day. I burst with energy no one else had. Death was easy to forget and I only thought about what I would do tomorrow. However, the past soon

caught up with me and new insights into death appeared.

Junior high school passed by quickly and here I was in senior high school. Well, now I was the big cheese. Or was I? So many schoolmates were doing things I had never done and will never do. What were they trying to prove? Boys were getting drunk every weekend and girls left school to become shotgun brides. They had so little time to live, but they didn't seem to care about ruining their opportunities for the future.

Last year I began to see life in a new way. The most startling experience of death came to me and many others in my high school and town. A boy who was well-liked by everyone he knew realized too late that life is short and precious. He had gone for his weekend liquor party and never made it home again. The other boys in the car were lucky, but he wasn't. As he lay dying in the emergency room at the hospital he told his mother how sorry he was; but it was too late.

These experiences in my life have taught me a great deal about life itself and that it's a valuable gift not to be wasted by selfishness.

Kathy Swift

WHY?

National quarrel leads to war,
Hurting more neglected poor;
Society condones an obvious wrong,
Leading astray its conforming throng;
Men worship a cruel monarch it seems,
"The almighty dollar" reigns supreme;
Marriage seldom by love is bound,
The divine purpose is lost, it's found;
The addict takes his chemical "ride,"
Can't he see that he's dead inside?
Men are "colored" before they're men,
Their tears and grief seem of no end;
Cold and hungry, John Jr. shed a tear,
Jonathan Sr., too drunk to care;
I lift my head and with wondering eye,
Ask good God in Heaven to tell me...Why?

Herbert Pilgrim

A PURPOSE

I hope that my life can be like a lighthouse.

Many times I go to the beach, alone, just to think. It is quiet there and the steady rhythm of the waves sneaking into shore clears my mind. My thoughts about the past, present and future all seem clearer when I hear that steady, rhythmic tapping of those waves against the beach. I usually go to the beach during the day. When it is clear and bright I can see almost endlessly. There are houses in the distance. There are people in those houses yet they don't know that I am watching from afar, and they don't know what is going through my mind. I am momentarily in a world on my own.

For a change I sometimes go to the beach at night. It is at night that I have much more serious thoughts. The still and quiet of the night makes me seriously think about my life and future.

It was Friday the thirteenth that I walked to the beach alone. On this particular night I set a goal for my future and now I have to reach this target. When the thirteenth falls on a Friday a person is supposedly subject to bad luck, but this Friday the thirteenth was lucky for me. I walked out on the jetty, all the way to the end. I sat there and started to think, as usual, about my future and what my specific aim in life was; so far I had no real purpose in life. As I sat there, the more I thought the more de-

pressed I became. Everything was so dark that night. There was a heavy mist over the water and it seemed like there was a heavy mist over my thoughts because nothing seemed clear to me.

Just as I was ready to get up and walk away, I noticed a light penetrating through the mist. The only thing it could be was a lighthouse. I never remembered seeing a lighthouse there in the day but I was determined to come back the next morning and find out where the light was coming from.

I awoke bright and early and made my way to the beach. I just had to find out. I stood there on the same jetty and put the small binoculars to my eyes. Sure enough, way out on a pile of rocks, all alone, stood a white lighthouse; although it was not very noticeable, how important it had seemed the night before. It was a light in the darkness.

I now had a clear-cut pattern for my life. I wanted to help people find their way. So many people are lost in darkness and need a light to see their pathway. I pray now that God will use my life as that lighthouse. I may have to stand alone in the darkness but if it means that other people will see the light more clearly, then it will be worth it. That night I found an answer to my life's purpose. That little lighthouse helped me to see things clearly, and its small but penetrating light has probably saved more than one person's life.

Donna Schubert

THE SUMMER OF MY DISCONTENT

It was the summer: the summer that I began to realize, to learn, to understand. The summer that I was drawn out of the little world I had built myself; the summer that I began to see the world of reality; one of neglect, poverty, and misunderstanding.

I was a counselor at a camp for underprivileged children that summer. Times Farm Camp consisted of two hundred acres in the country, almost entirely covered by forest and severed in two by the meandering Skungamaug River. Every summer it is invaded by two hundred children from slum and ghetto areas of Connecticut's capitol region. These children are selected in a one to one ratio: colored, and white. They spend twelve days at the camp.

During these two-week periods I became the guardian, teacher, and counselor of eight nine-year-olds. But the odd thing was, my "charges" became my instructors. When the kids arrive, en masse, at the camp, they are sometimes anxious, sometimes suspicious, sometimes lonely, but almost always afraid. My job, as counselor, was to soothe and to reassure them. And that is a job!

Children, even at age nine, who have known the struggle for warmth and food are callous. They are suspicious of any offer of help or of sympathy. Many times I have been deeply hurt by the curt refusal of a well-meant word or gesture. But, I have learned,

too, that these kids need and want to be loved. And a few times I have been greatly rewarded by the timid request of a sleepy camper, "Teacher, will you kiss me good-night?"

I learned a lot that summer. I learned that I was born one of the lucky ones; that Christmas isn't always happy, but to some it means a day when, "other kids get toys, so why don't I?" I learned that even nine-year-olds knew more of the world than I, at seventeen, did. I was awakened to the startling fact that these kids knew what it meant to be hungry and cold. What did I know.

And I was ashamed. I was ashamed of the indifference I had shown towards those who had to struggle to live. I had had enough, why should I worry about "them?" I was ashamed of the entire human race. Each person cares too much for himself, and not enough for any other.

The summer of my metamorphosis, I purposed to change my own attitudes. Perhaps I can help some nine-year-old, sometime, to grow to a better world. Then that will be enough.

Nancy Beckwith

WHEN THE INBORN FAILS

During the summer, I had the opportunity to go into New York City many times. One particular occasion took us on an extensive walk through Greenwich Village, Chinatown, and up to Canal Street and the Bowery. The Bowery remains more clearly in my mind because it taught me an important lesson.

The Bowery is a miserable, depressing pit for some and a tourist attraction for others. It is another world populated by wretched, shattered shadows. As I walked through, each inhabitant was busy at his work. Some men, ragged, unshaven, beaten by blows too strong to cope with, were hanging out of glassless window frames. An ability to scrounge perhaps a dollar gave them this privilege of a room in a flop house. Others were sitting on any available, elevated, sturdy object for they themselves were never too sturdy. They sat there staring blankly at the ground and into the eyes of the tourists. A few were huddled together playing cards on a doorstep. A rather pungent odor of beer pervaded the air which served as a reminder of a fairly popular form of entertainment and means of escape. The most pitiful sight was of five men lying on the sidewalk by a bar. Ther were not all old. Two looked young--too young. When something had disturbed the bliss of their drunken stupor and sleep, they would stir slightly. It's hard to imagine in some way the depths of human depravity and degradation that man

can fall to unless you have witnessed just such an abyss.

I thought of Mr. Kurtz in Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad. "Mistah Kurtz he dead" was the solemn announcement declared by a native. He presumably died in the Congo. Yet, when you walk down Canal Street, you realize that his spirit is not dead. The spirit that drove him to the absolute depths of depravity is still thriving on that street. "But this (Kurtz's report) must have been before his--let us say--nerves went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites which as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times--were offered up to him--do you understand--to Mr. Kurtz himself."

These unspeakable rites can be discerned as a combination of human sacrifices and cannibalism. Have the natives of the Bowery become cannibals? Hardly, yet, maybe just as disdainful and abhorrent is a self-cannibalism which they seem to practice. They have let conditions, circumstances, fear, society, anything and everything eat at the core of their lives until they have become hollow men. It is inhabited by shells. Where a life once abode there remains only depression, boredom, and waiting.

Walking through the Bowery made me think. Does Kurtz's spirit only reside in the Bowery? Is there a capacity for depravity and degradation in all of us if we are placed in the proper conditions and are pushed far enough by the right circumstances? How universal is this capacity? Perhaps the opinion that Marlow expressed has a great deal of truth in it. "They howled, and spun, and

made horrid faces;...Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you could comprehend. And why not? The mind is capable of anything because everything is in it. He must meet the truth with his own stuff--... with his own inborn strength."

I cannot look on with a detached superiority. These are human beings that share a sameness with me--with everyone. They have in some way submitted and fallen. Their inborn strength has failed. Yet, the Bowery should not be the last stop. Their fellow human beings, as brothers, must help or the derelict's failure becomes the failure of us all.

Janet Simonson

ALONE

I am alone, the night is dark and still.

I stretch out my hand into the blackness--

  Hoping God is near.

No voice breaks into the silence, nor is his presence felt.

In despair I weep. Then, fitfully--

  I sleep.

Phyllis Bowen

LOST?

I remember the day well. There was only the captain and me on the 40 foot trapping boat. It was rougher than the dickens, and all I knew was that we were some 30 miles southeast of the Cape May jetty. I remember myself wedged in at the wheel to brace against the pitching. I started thinking, "Man, the wind must be blowing 30 m.p.h., and from the northwest too. Those swells must be running over five feet now. I have to cut the power on just about every other one. They'll be getting worse with this wind too. I wonder if we'll make it home by five. No, if it keeps getting worse, we won't make it until six or seven."

Then the question flashed across my mind. "I wonder if we'll get in at all. The way these waves are bobbing us around, we don't seem to be gaining any headway...I sure hope the captain knew what he was talking about when he gave me this course to steer.

"If I'd known that the day was going to end this way, I would never have come to work. But everything seemed normal this morning. It was cold and dark, nothing unusual. The dock had that same rotten smell of tar, damp nets, old fish and wet mud. When the captain came, he was his usual self. He still had that cigarette hanging out of his mouth. He was still wearing his old red shirt, carrying what looked like that same lunch bag that he used yesterday. He gave no sign that this day was going to be different. There was

no sign anywhere of this wind that we have now. Even the trip out was usual, long and drowsy! Man did I fight to stay awake and hold us on course. There was no wind then. While we were pulling traps, there was only a slight air from the east. It wasn't till about 1:30 that the wind shifted. Now look at us. Bobbing like a lost c ork, soaked clean to the skin from sheet after sheet of that drenching spray. And when it comes right down to it, I don't even know where we are."

Then, after what felt like six hours (really only three) of battling the sea, I saw a glint of red between the never-ending sheets of spray. Was it just my eyes playing tricks on me again? I'd been having illusions of McCray's bouy all the way in. Was this one real? I glanced away for a minute, but when I looked back, it was still there! It really was McCrays.

A sense of victory swept over me as I steered toward it. At last I really knew where we were. I had battled over 25 miles of ocean, and the inlet was only six miles away toward the north. For some reason I didn't mind the pitching of the boat or the soaking spray anymore. I knew we were going to make it.

The significance of the experience didn't strike until later in life. Life is quite like that day when I thought I was lost. At first there is no indication of a storm ahead, then all of a sudden, you're in it. Everything seems to be going wrong. You feel lost. But you plunge forward with a vague idea of what you're aiming at. Then out of nowhere, a small, rather insignificant thing appears. It may be an incident or even an acquaintance. Whatever it is, it's not

your goal, but it acts like a mile post. It assures you that although you haven't reached your goal yet, you're on the right track. You take new courage as I did that day and push on even harder toward your goal.

Walter Chrysler

THE GROUP

The group takes hold
and strangles
and suffocates
and stifles individuality
and feeling the pull
Those Who Belong
cling even harder in the effort
of being In.

Phyllis Bowen

DEATH OF A GENIUS

If you had nothing to offer, no one would know you were here." Ned had those words written on the cover of the English book he often lent me. I never knew until it was too late how real that sentence was to him.

I noticed Ned Ross in school that first day. There was something different about him that immediately drew my attention. I remember feeling sorry for him because he was alone. In my childish way I resolved to be his friend.

Before Ned, I had never met a boy who was so quietly serious. He just never fit into a group. At recess he would sit in the group and do nothing. I sometimes followed him around, but more often I got bored and returned to the group. I don't think any one made fun of Ned, but it was obvious he was being ignored.

When we reached sixth grade, it was generally known that Ned had a genius I.Q. He was regarded more or less as an object of interest by our classmates. Ned and I had become good friends, however, and I wasn't particularly impressed with his intelligence. I visited his home occasionally but his stern parents frightened me. All of Ned's brothers were older than he so he really had no playmate.

Ned was always willing to help me with my schoolwork. I could bring him the most difficult problems and he would cheerfully do them for me. My friends soon caught on and got Ned to assist

them. When we reached junior high school, Ned was known as a "real brain" and everyone used his help. Socially, however, he was still ignored. I don't remember him ever being at a party or having a date.

Ned had a cynical attitude toward people as we grew older. He would always talk about selfishness and not caring. I never took him seriously because he often ambled on philosophically. When his lectures became depressing I would make him stop or I would leave.

In high school I made new friends and gradually drifted away from Ned. I was always busy with school activities, dates, or good times and never thought about Ned unless I needed his help.

I remember one day asking Ned for help with biology. He got really angry and yelled, "What have you ever done for me?" I just didn't know what to say. Ned had never been angry with me before. I soon forgot all about it, however, and he never mentioned it either.

One morning of my junior year the news came as I sat in my homeroom. Ned had gone out behind the barn and shot himself in the head. I was stunned. I just couldn't picture Ned committing suicide. He had everything to live for--or so we thought.

The entire class attended the funeral. I sat through the service looking around. I saw my friends and fellow students crying for the death of a boy no one had cared about. I guess Ned had lived most of his life knowing that people would never care. Even I, who was supposed to be his friend, never bothered to give anything to him. All I did was take.

Linda Lovering

THE ART OF GETTING ALONG

Sooner or later a man, if he is wise, learns that the only way to "survive" in this busy modern world is to get along with the other guy. "Getting along," however, is not hereditary. It's something a man must learn to do.

The need for the "art" comes when a man realizes that life is not a bed of roses, but a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, and a lot of give and take. To get along, a man must not have too sensitive a soul because there's a lot of taking involved. Getting along comes when a man can distinguish between the important and the unimportant, and can let the unimportant pass over his head like water off a duck's back.

If a man is to get along in this world, he eventually learns that everyone has burnt toast and cold coffee for breakfast now and then. He learns too that it's not too wise to take the other guy's grouch too seriously, because it's probably just one of his bad days. And it soon becomes evident that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry gossip about others. When he learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight, he is ready to survive in this modern world.

The art of getting along pays the biggest dividends at work. It soon becomes evident that people are no easier to get along with in one section of the country than in another. Getting along

depends 90% on his own attitude. When a man realizes that the business could go on running perfectly well without him, and that it doesn't matter who gets the credit, as long as the business profits, then he is ready to step into the boss's shoes. Then, when he learns that the boss got to be the boss by working hard and by doing things right the first time, he is in the position to begin the upward climb himself.

When a man has broadened his narrow vision from his own problems to the problems of his fellow-man, when he can live peacefully with him, when he's learned to quit passing the buck and share the burden of everyday life, then and only then has he learned the key to success. Then is when it can be said that he has mastered the art of "Getting Along." When a man knows the meaning of the statement "He who loses his temper, loses out," and can say "Good Morning" even when it is raining, he is ready to approach the busy, modern world, and survive the tests, rewards, torments, and survive the tests, rewards, torments, and supreme moments to emerge victorious and successful.

Walter Chew

EXPECTING

Sitting in the fathers' waiting room at Fairfax Hospital, Dad and I anticipated exciting news about a new arrival. As I calmly relaxed for what I thought was a half hour, pride made my blood fly through my system and I could feel my heart beat from my head to my toes. Yes, I was proud, not only because I was expecting a new brother or sister, but because I was being calm about the event. Then I glanced at the clock. Alas, only five minutes had passed instead of half an hour.

As I started to feel fidgety, I picked up a magazine to read and to keep myself content. Though I usually study each picture and read at least half of each article before putting down a magamzine, this time I glanced at the pictures and forgot about the articles. Now that I had completed a creditable task, from my point of view, I decided to explore the six-story hospital to find a drinking fountain. Unfortunately, a fountain was two steps from the door.

After drinking a gallon of water, I remembered that I hadn't eaten breakfast yet. So I found the careteria, sat, ordered eggs and fried potatoes, ate, and left.

Now I was feeling desperate for something to keep me from losing control of myself. As a last act of sanity, I put on a fresh cake of make-up and re-styled my hair.

The next act was inevitable; I pushed the panic button.

There I was, the only person in the fathers' waiting room pacing the floor. Not only was I the only one, but I must have given the expectant fathers the impression that I was racing for a blue ribbon, or maybe a pink one.

Meanwhile, my father had been filling out papers, watching television, and reading the "Herald of Holiness." To me he seemed so calm, so sophisticated, so mature. How could he stand it? I thought that we should switch places until he had finished reading the "Herald" from cover to cover. Then, as I had anticipated, he began to ask himself, or anyone who would listen, silly questions. "What is taking the nurse so long? They said it would be only a few minutes. When do I get to see my boy?"

Evidently, my dad was convinced that he was going to have another son, but I wasn't so sure. In fact, the suspense was killing me. Would I have a brother or a sister or both before the day would be over?

Finally, a nurse did pop in to tell us to go to the end of corridor 3A to see Mom and "company." In our excitement and relief, we forgot to ask the nurse any information about "company."

As soon as the bed was wheeled out carefully, Dad and I gazed at the infant in Mom's arms. No one had to tell me that I had a new brother.

Now knowing all was well with Mom and Scott Michael, I could hardly wait to take my brother home to love.

Vicki Milliron

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

The forbidden fruit stealthily stolen,
Unnoticed--a lust is satisfied.
Yet the silent shame, a self-inflicted wound.

To endure the endless pain,
Or to bring to light the obscure befitting scar,
And to face the shock of disrepute.

Phyllis Bowen

"A cup of coffee, Shipmate?"

My orders read: "You are directed to report to the Commanding Officer, USS Cobbler (SS-344) at U.S.S. Navshipyd Phila, Pa. for duty. Report not later than 2400 22 Sept 1962."

So there I was on that cold and wet night, standing topside on a submarine. The topside watch copied the necessary information down from my orders and officially logged me in. Then he extended me a welcome aboard by way of offering me some of his hot, black coffee. Sailors always drink black coffee.

He then called below for one of the crew members to give me a hand with my seabag. I can remember being a little embarrassed by his requesting help for me, but he assured me that it was no bother and that most would be glad to help. Sure enough, a seaman appeared in the hatch and headed up the ladder. When he got up topside he came over and shook my hand, introduced himself, then threw my seabag over his shoulder and disappeared down the hatch.

I followed him down to the after battery compartment, turned, and headed forward to the boat's center, or control room. (Notice that I refer to the sub as a boat and not as a ship. This is submarine tradition). Here I met the duty chief.

I have to interrupt and say a little about the chief

petty officer. He is the highest ranking enlisted man and the backbone of the Navy. His regulation uniform corresponds to that of a commissioned officer and his appearance is always neat and correct.

So, I was a little shocked to see this man. For he in no way resembled any chief petty officer I had ever encountered. He was dressed in dungarees, his shoes needed shining, he needed a shave and his haircut was anything but regulation. What really amazed me was that he was the COB or Chief of the Boat, the man in charge of all enlisted men on board, the one man who I thought would be the most "squared away."

He also surprised me with his friendly, outgoing manner. Normally, chiefs do not associate with seamen. We talked about submarines and about the Cobbler in particular as he showed me around his boat. And as we talked I became aware of something happening to me, something that I hadn't experienced before, something I couldn't explain. There was a pride for the boat which I hadn't had a moment before, but this feeling seemed to be more than pride.

Later, as I sat in the mess hall my thoughts were interrupted by the topside watch calling down to me, and in one word I knew. "How 'bout a cup of coffee, Shipmate?"

George Horner

WHO CARES?

On August 6, 1945, at 8:10 A.M. life came to an end for nearly eighty thousand people. The inhabitants of Hiroshima were not even warned about the bomb that would destroy their whole city. Even today, in Biafra between 15,000 to 25,000 natives, most of them children, will die of starvation. On the other side of the world, thousands of Vietnamese have had their lives crushed out by war, not to mention countless numbers of American soldiers who have died. When you get right down to it, it seems to me that these people have died needlessly, but who cares?

Alexander Leighton's essay on the last day of Hiroshima woke me up to the sickening truth that so many people died a most horrible death on that day in August. The books that I have since read on the bombing told of actual experiences and sights one would see after the city became a flaming inferno. I don't believe that today's generation has grasped the realization of that bombing. It is even harder to believe that any American citizen can live with a perfectly clear conscience. Nearly a hundred thousand people died on that day, one of the gloomiest days of history, but today who cares?

This very moment, in a small African country, there are probably ten or more people dying of starvation. The present estimated rate of deaths is from 15,000 to 25,000 per day. Imagine that many people dying each day, but not just today, but yesterday and

the day before and every day for months past. These people die while warehouses of food, just outside the country's boundaries, are rotting. They are the victims of some men's cruel tactics of war. Meanwhile, we Americans, living in the most prosperous country in the world, are gorging ourselves with the leftovers of a Thanksgiving feast. Soon we will by buying luxuries to give away and toys for children who have never felt the sharp pang of hunger. Who cares?

Still there is another country on the other side of the world that is suffering the consequences of war. Is it that these people are so far away that we cannot feel the suffering and pain that they experience every moment of their lives? People have been slaughtered by the Viet Cong and even we have dropped our bombs on the wrong targets, killing innocent people. Our young American boys are dying in countless thousands, but still have not reached any important decisions to stop the war. We go on leading our busy lives as if nothing is happening. Who cares?

The world today is playing a giant chess tournament and the people who are dying around the world, for needless reasons, are the pawns. Do the players really care what happens to these people or are they only instruments used to obtain what the players want? Who cares? I care and I think that many other Americans care. Something will and must be doen to stop what is happening. Do you care?

Gary Van Orman

A DRINK FOR EVERYONE

If you ever want to be "anybody who's anybody," you simply must drink. Why, just look in a distinguished magazine like Newsweek for some proof. They give you minutely detailed directions on how to reach a sunken case of Canadian Club whisky on the reefs of Australia. Who says you have to give up your religion to drink? Just drink the Christian Brothers Brandy (which "takes kindly to mixing") and you're all right. Worried about expense? Did you realize that a bottle of King George IV sells for $7.28 in London, $11.82 in Rio de Janeiro, $9.60 in Mexico City, $6.99 in Athens, $14.89 in Tokyo and $4.99 in New York! Simply fantastic! (Don't forget that it's one of the world's 12 top scotches.) If you feel really deserving, there's Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch which "can be a small way of paying yourself back for all the years of struggle it took to get where you are." Or, if your eye is caught by a frolicking Kentucky race horse, you'll drink Bulke and Barry which is nothing but "bottled Kentucky." Of course, if the anybody-who's-anybody impulse lives within you, you can drink, "a tax break for millionaires," that is Passport Scotch by Calvert which is a blend of the "most outrageously expensive whiskies that Scotland had to offer" but inexpensive so they "can look out for the rich." Oh, brother! If you crave that cosmopolitan flavor you'll be surprised and delighted to know that only eight American wines are

sold in Europe and Paul Masson's outsells all the others. I guess you can drink that to save yourself the ride to Europe! If you'd like something well-known, why not try Martell which is the largest selling cognac in the world? Naturally, if you care for tradition you'll just love Jack Daniel's whisky because it had been made by the same family for years and the recipe isn't written down, just memorized. Marvelous, huh? "Say who? And, be what?" ask the handsome man and beautiful woman in the Seagram's 7 ad. Naturally you're supposed to "Say Seagram's. And be sure." If your taste is for a martini, then Beefeatu is for you (and it's really good to know that it's a "neutral spirit"). If your eye is caught by a big bottle being tenderly caressed, then you'll love Martini and Rossi because it's "the big beautiful Manhattan maker." Then, for people going places, a bottle of Old Crow fills the bill.

Why, drinking is a great way of enjoying life--just look at the pictures--and anybody who abstains is entirely "out of it." Thomas Edison must have really had rocks in his head when he said, "I have better use for my brain than to poison it with alcohol. To put alcohol in the human brain is like putting sand in the bearings of an engine." He really must have been a square. And nobody really believes the lie that alcohol caused twenty-five thousand deaths in 1968.

Gerry Wood

IF I WERE TO PRAY

As I stop to think over the complexity of me,
What do I want? What do I see?
Confusion, trouble way deep within my heart,
Now where do I start? Where do I start?
Oh God! I know you're up there somewhere,
Show me that you care--show me that you care.

Reaching, but something is blocking me within,
Are they me sins? Are they my sins?
If I were to pray--where would I start to pray?
Maybe it is really all my fault,
Did I ever stop to pray as I ought?
Limitless chances, aren't they?
What did I choose? to go astray. . .
I pray my way once in awhile,
And after all this, the book says,
"I'm still His child"

How many others have this feeling deep inside?
And never express it, but prefer to hide.
ONly then, to look at the exterior of things,
And really see what makes the world swing,
The frustrations in life's general pattern.
Upholding something which one thinks is right,
But it only results in confusion and fight.

Some will knock the man for the color of his skin.
When will people learn to look within?
Thoughts of malice concerning his race,
Would anyone be bold enought to take his place?
The sick, the feeble, the criminals, the poor, and the
ill-mind,
I wonder, did he ever show them a sign?

Nations racing for first place on the moon,
Could they try saving a world of doom?
Choosing the right president--the democratic way,
Should we as a whole, for a moment,
Forget man's material needs and pray?

But the world is like this, so why should I pray?
Does it not look me over and then go on its way?
Whether I come or go,
All is emptiness and there is nothing to show.
Emptiness in every form and in all its glory,
No different from the night,
That no one can penetrate by mere sight.

Did I not come here seeking a purpose and goal?
Then what is this important phenomenon--the soul?
In the missionaries conquest, he seems so concerned,
Deep within myself, my heart wants to learn.
Witnessing to others, they will travel far,
What about my heart and many here who stand afar?
How do I keep that feeling--He is around,
When I have so little, many will strip and knock down?

If I were to pray, where would I start to pray?
There was a moment of opportunity,
Someone had penetrated some of the emptiness in me,
Twice, "Is there anything wrong, are you sure?"
A negative answer given, a little more I endure.
We want to know so much, and when opportunity knocks,
we're scared
When will I muster up enough courage to be prepared?

Am I dubious because my mind isn't clear?
And yet, what is there to fear?
Many times I come to the verge of knowing,
For the unseen has ways of showing.
The nerves pound and the heart throbs heavily,
The fear builds, because of something I cannot see.
My extended hand feels the sensation of interlockng,
Is this the great power of the master and king?

Why I fight it, I do not know,
Then I relax my grip and finally let go.
Inside I cry, "Take my whole being, I want nothing else,"
What about that small portion I keep for myself?
Like the blind, I feel my way around,
Not knowing what fate I'm bound.
Everything is trial and error or touch and go.
The journey eldness, hard and slow.

Numberless temptations and obstacles which occur,
My God! It's time I need an answer.
Then the mind remembers, "Look to the hills from whence
cometh your help."
If I had him, I wouldn't need any one else.

So many things he's willing to give,
If I'd only look up and live.
My creator knows my condition,
Worthless I stand, He's ready to listen.
Trust and he would give me peace of mind,
Not whenever I felt the urge, but all the time.
What a wondrous joy I could find,
Just by letting him take over my mind.
No pearl in the ocean,
No gold in the mine,
Can bring life to me, and greatness divine.

But I'd rather keep a subject like this to myself,
Like all things I do, tucked neatly away on the shelf.
If I were to pray--where would I start to pray?
I can discipline myself and try to remove my sin,
And try harder to listen to the voice within.

Good deeds, kind words, friendly smile,
Enough to get me through the day?
No, the answer is to pray.
Finally, the captain, tired and worn,
Lets the sound, bellows out his horn,
So I drop, on bended knees I pray.
Soon my sailing will be over.
"Come and take My pleasures from within."

Duana Carter

LOVE

LOVE

Love is like a flower,

It starts as but a seed. . . unnoticed. . .

Then the seed is watered and cared for,

Keep nourishing the seedling, and it will grow,

It grows into a beautiful flower,

The flower proclaims to the world, its existence,

In time, the flower might wilt,

As the waterer's attention wavers to another flower,

And die. . .

Unless. . . it is nourished back to life again. . .

Yes. . .

Love is like a flower.

Herbert Pilgrim

HE CAME AND WENT

It was a warm June evening and after an all-day rain, the rays of the setting sun were darting through the clouds and everything around me was beginning to take on a rosy glow and a cleanness, a freshness that comes after a summer rain. It was in this newness of the summer evening that I first met him.

I had attended a friend's wedding and, while standing in the reception line, I noticed a group of teen-agers from our church standing a little ahead of me in the line. As I walked up to join them, I noticed among them a tall, handsome person. He was nicely dressed, in a grey suit I think, and looked like the typical athlete-type, all six foot three, two hundred and ten pounds of him. We were introduced almost immediately and as he stooped down to kiss my hand, as was his chivalrous manner, I felt a strange, unfamiliar warmth surge through me and felt my sun-tanned cheeks suddenly redden. As he released my hand, and as I stepped back a little in order to be able to look at him without having to tilt my head back too far, his eyes were the first things I noticed. They were a beautiful blue and reminded me of marbles we once fried and cracked. In them, I could see his fun-loving personality, his alertness. As we talked and joked around, I learned that he had lettered in football, basketball, and baseball in high school (and looking at him with his towering height and bulging bisceps

it wasn't hard to believe) and planned to enter Harvard after a year at Deerfield Academy. The fact that he knew what he wanted plus his sense of humor and good nature added to his attractiveness. Soon the reception ended and we parted.

It was over a month before I saw him again. This time it was at an outdoor basketball game. I had thought of him a few times since I had seen him in June, but with the thought that I'd probably never see him again, I had forgotten in part the feeling he had aroused in me at our first meeting. However, the feeling that had lain dormant since I had seen him last, suddenly awakened and my heart seemed to beat a little faster, rushing extra blood into my cheeks, and the butterflies in my stomach came alive in a sudden flurry. I don't remember too well what we talked about that night but I do (and perhaps always will) remember that special, inexplainable feeling deep within me.

We dated for awhile and shared many things. But then, as the summer evenings grew shorter and cooler and as sutumn began to settle in, changing the beautiful, soft, green world into one of flame and brilliant, startling color, he went to Deerfield and on to Harvard, and in a way, out of my life.

Susan Calhoun

WHOSE MIRROR?

The field of nursing is rife with opportunities for expanding one's own vision while attempting to meet the needs of others. Fundamentally important is the concept of the patient as an integrated unit or a whole person. The patient is a person with a set of values, dreams, ideals, wants, and needs. No one can nurse an appendix or a broken bone--one nurses a person. In addition to accepting a patient as a person, the nurse must accomplish the even more difficult task of accepting herself as the person she is. Knowledge and understanding of others is perhaps easier to attain and tolerate than self-knowledge. Nevertheless, she must attempt to understand her own emotional needs, motivations, and ways of meeting and solving problems.

It was shortly after 7 a.m. when I folded my freshly-starched student apron around my lap. I was waiting in Dr. Shield's office to be introduced to Tommy. Tommy, I had been told, was to be my special charge during the week to come. At the age of fourteen his secluded life of fantasy, which so completely dominated all his activities, had made the diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenic justifiable. Yesterday's warnings dominated my mind and created an uneasiness within. The use of the word 'repugnant' conjured up a flood of images. Could I accept without significant adverse reaction what I was about to see? The description was all too accurate.

Why? Why were holes torn through his nose and cheek? My whole being asked the question when finally my eyes studied that marred face. The shirt he wore was wet with constant drooling and hung loosely over his thin frame. Blood stained the white socks covering his bandaged hands still used to batter himself if allowed. A pale complexion covered with acne surrounded vacant blue eyes indicative of apathy and flatness. Here, standing before me, was a human being with all the faculties and capacities that I possess, but one so distorted in self-rejection and loathing that he had been driven to destroy himself. Slowly and heedless of pain, his hands picked those open wounds in the prime source of his identity, his face. Linen straps were his nightly restraints and I was to become his daytime restraint. Thus, the constant vigil began.

Tommy, all too aware of his ugliness, utilized it to force my rejection of him. Would I pull away if he tried to kiss me? Did I grimace while he ate? Would I find him worthy of acceptance? I had to remain consistent and steady in an attempt to draw him into some response while not really demanding a response. This meant one-sided conversations, one-sided interest in everything we did. I found it difficult to avoid an uncomfortable meddling cheeriness in my dedication to this task. His silence weighted heavily upon me. The necessity of conversation was broken only by treatments of hot saline compresses, which were to be applied to his face every two hours in an effort to initiate a healing process. But how could one reach down and heal the inside? His symptoms and sickness had many reasons for being. The parts and facets sus-

tained one another and were secrets locked in. If it were not so, we could have given him a nice shot of this or that drug or a quick hypnosis and said "Craziness begone!" And it would have been an easy job. But his symptoms were built of many needs and served many purposes. That is why eliminating them took so much energy and, no doubt, suffering on his part.

We daily walked the hospital grounds together while I babbled about what each of my senses was telling me. But it was a lively black dog at play that penetrated Tommy's world. He began to laught at the impossibility of the dog's circular tail-chase. Abruptly, as though pleading for approval of his laughter, he asked me to kiss him.

Yes, Tommy, reach for the world and laugh! The body may be halted in its life process by sickness, but if the mind is stable and clear it is free to wander endlessly--absorbing, feeling, and experiencing the world around. In my reaching for the world I've often reflected upon Tommy.

Marlene Nelson

FRIENDSHIP

What color is Friendship? Some people might think it is the purple of royalty, or the rosiness of a summer's day, or the deep, true blue of a sparkling ocean. But I like to think that Friendship is golden.

Where do you find gold? In a mine hidden under a rocky mountain? In the sun's rays which melt the glittering ice? At the bottom of a bubbling brook? Or have you ever found gold just by reaching into someone's heart and encouraging all the good that lies hidden there to come forth like the blossoms of spring? If you have, you know that this is gold that cannot be worn or spent. It is an intangible awareness that is felt deep inside like a flame which warms a cold night, or a light which brightens a dark path. You know that this is a kind of gold that is found only in a friend. And though it is not tangible, it can make you the richest person in the world.

It is human nature to want friends, and sometimes it is easy to see something valuable in a person. Maybe you've seen gold in the eyes of someone who cared about your hurts, as well as your joys. Or perhaps you've seen gold on the feet of someone who came just in the nick of time.

But sometimes it is harder to find a person's good qualities. And if you can't find gold right away, don't give up. Just believe that it's there and pretty soon you'll see it very clearly.

To be a friend there are several things you must do. First you must share. You must listen not only with your ears, but with your heart. If you do, you'll find that you understand each other much better than you'd dreamed possible. Second, you must give, even if you don't receive anything in return. For if you give, and keep on giving, chances are in a little while that person will see gold in you and want to be your friend. But what this all adds up to is the third and final item--Love. If you love people you'll discover yourself wanting to share people's joys and tears, and wanting to give without expecting in return.

I like to think that there is a giant treasure chest in the world. It is filled with the gold of friendship, but the only way we can get to the gold is with the key of Love.

Mabeth Kauffman

SAD SACK

Sad Sack, you wonderful dog made of black and white fluffiness, so soft and furry. Why are your eyes so red and watery? Have you been wandering around too much? Yes, I know. You have a cold, but you will be better in the morning."

I wonder what is the matter with him. Maybe he is just very tired. Oh, well, he'll be all right tomorrow.

"Good morning, Sad Sack. Sad Sack? Get up! What! No happy bark to greet me? Why, what is that sticky stuff coming out of your eyes? Oh, Sad Sack, I'll have to take you to the vet.

"I'll carry you to the car. Yes, I know you are heavy, but I don't want you to get chilled. Oh, I wish you would stop shivering. It worries me.

"Oh, if I could only tell you how frightened I am. The doctor has told me that you have a very bad disease. My heart is in my throat as I gaze into your big sorrowful eyes. The tears spill over my cheeks in sadness, but I can't hold them back. You have to get well. You just have to!

"Look what I made for you. It's a warm sweater. Lift your head up! It fits perfectly. That will keep you extra warm this cold, dreary night. Sleep, Sad Sack. You will be better soon." Oh, dear God, I hope he gets well soon. I hope he does.

It is now midnight. Sad Sack is sleeping fitfully. How long before I know that he will be well again? How long?

Morning has arrived. It is a bleak, sunless morning. Despair fills my heart. Will I find my Sad Sack well?

"Sad Sack! Sad Sack! Are you any better?" Oh, I can see that you are not. All we can do is wait.

Night has fallen. I see you, Sad Sack, limping around on your wobbly legs. Are you that weak? "Come here and let me hold you before you go to bed. Oh, you feel so warm and cuddly. I still can't believe that you are very sick. I only have to look into your tearful, brown eyes to see that you are suffering."

There! He is warm and settled for the night. If there is no improvement in the morning, I will have to call the vet. He may have to be put away, but I could never do it. Never! Sad Sack is a part of my life. I raised him and, without realizing it, learned to love him more than I should have. No, no one, not even Death, will take him away from me now. The fight is half won. I can still win.

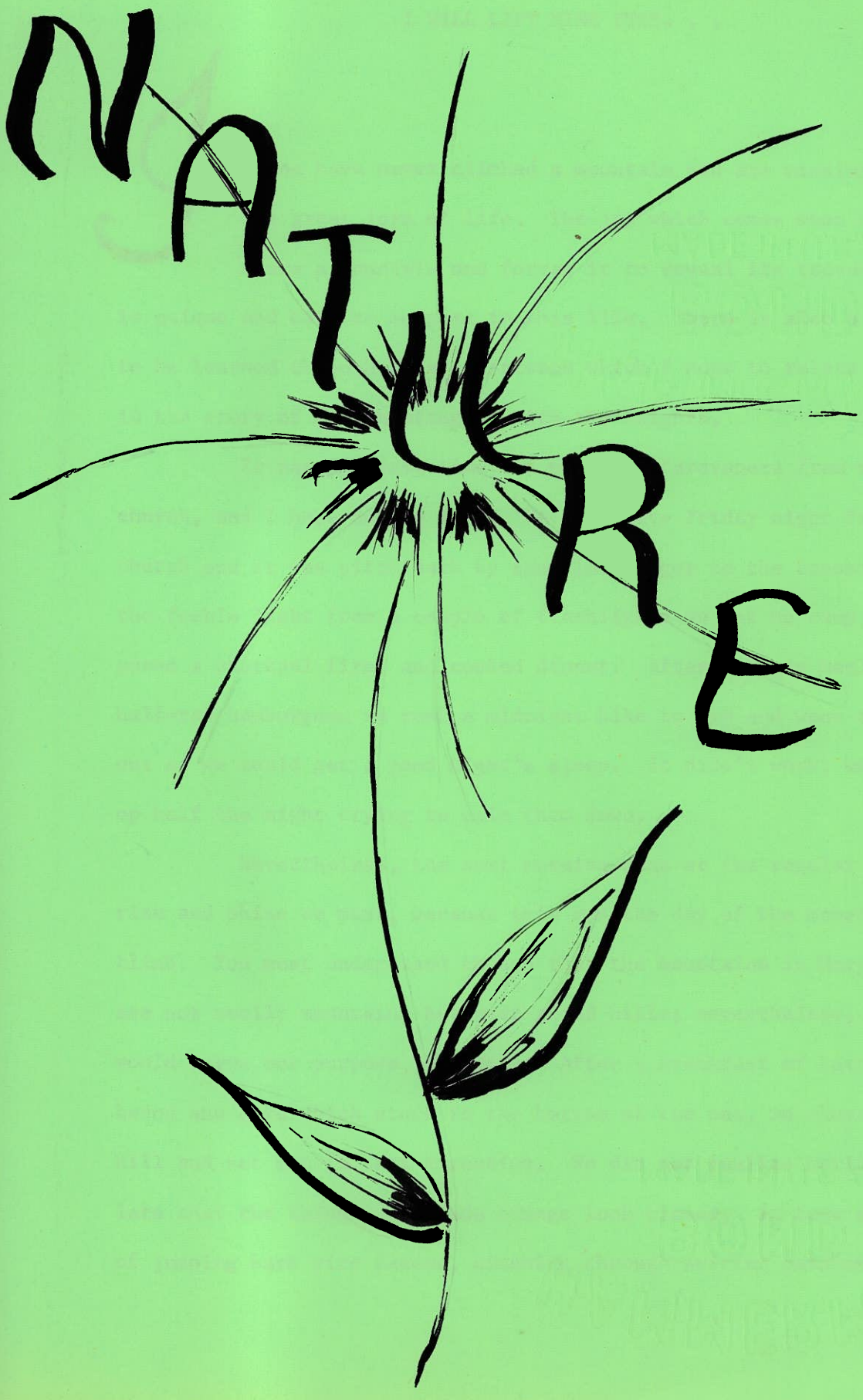
Morning has arrived. The sun is shining brightly in a clear, blue sky. Surely this is a good sign.

"Sad Sack! Sad Sack!" Oh, he is barking his head off and wagging his tail. Weakly, to be sure, but, oh! He is better, and soon he will be well. I'm crying. I can't help it.

"Run outside," Look at him walking on his wobbly legs. "Don't run too much, my little Sad Sack."

The sun is high in the sky. Sad Sack is lying under a bush. Soon he will be well. I am filled with pure joy as I watch him. "Sad Sack, my little darling, made of black and white fluffiness, I love you."

Brenda Codispoti


NATURE

I WILL LIFT MINE EYES. . .

If you have never climbed a mountain you are missing one of the great joys of life. The joy which comes when one conquers a mountain and forces it to reveal its treasured view is unique and hard to surpass in this life. There is also a lesson to be learned through this experience which I hope to relate to you in the story of my own struggle with the heights.

It was my first time out with the Caravaners from my home church, and I hope not my last. We left late Friday night from the church and it was pitch dark by the time we got to the campsite. With the feeble light from a couple of flashlights we set up camp, prepared a charcoal fire, and cooked dinner. After a hardy meal of half-raw hamburgers we took a midnight hike to try and wear the kids out so we could get a good night's sleep. It didn't work; we were up half the night trying to calm them down.

Nevertheless, the next morning came at the regular time and rise and shine we must, because this was the day of the mountain climb. You must understand though that the mountains in Maryland are not really mountains but over-sized hills; nevertheless, they would serve our purpose just fine. After a breakfast of burnt bacon and eggs which stuck to the bottom of the pan, we chose our hill and set out in that direction. We did not realize until too late that the thinner air made things look closer. It took an hour of jumping barb wire fences, crashing through sticker patches, and

stumbling up rocky paths to reach the base of our hill. We started the gradual ascent taking frequent rest periods along the way.

The pathway was shaded in spots, but usually we were at the mercy of the blazing sun. As we arrived at the last resting place before the final assault on the summit, many of the boys were too tired or lazy to go all the way. So the oldest leader gladly stayed behind with them as the rest of us pitted our strength against gravity.

Now came the test. As the sun unmercifully beat down on us, we slowly trudged to the top. Our breaths came quickly, our leg muscles were wracked by a fiery pain, the heat of the rocks burned through the soles of our shoes, and the hot air and a deathly quiet seemed to close in upon us. The path twisted and turned, obscuring our view of the top so that many were becoming discouraged. Yet, on we pushed, driven by some strange inner force that would not let us give up. We finally rounded the last turn, saw the summit just ahead, and renewed in body we shouted and laughed as we ran to the top. There we received the reward for our labors. Standing in awe, I saw below me stretching to the horizon the most beautiful scenery I had ever beheld. A breeze stirred, the throbbing of blood circling through my head ceased, birds sang, and the whole place seemed to rejoice in the fact that we were victorious. God seemed so close and the cares of this world so far away that I was refreshed in body and soul, truly glad that I had not given up.

The descent was much quicker and we were soon headed home. The whole trip was ruined by the few who had not gone on because they

complained of tired and stiff muscles and said the whole trip had been worthless. But I will never forget the feeling I had as I stood the conqueror of the whole earth atop that mountain. I will never forget the lesson I learned: if the reward is to be taken, you must never, but never, give up.

Larry Sisk

"IF GOD SO CLOTHES THE GRASS. . ."

Because we're unaware of life right next to us day after day, we don't notice anything except our own problems and worries. Today I am turning from my normal routine for an hour to observe a few natural occurrences.

As I sit here I hear a soft rustle of leaves. The wind is contentedly playing in the trees like a child alone with a game. A leaf falls on my dress; many others fall around me. The breeze seems to life them gently, then lets them go free.

The birds are cheerfully singing in the golden sunlight. They flit about, back and forth, among the trees, not seeming to care about anything. A bird hops about on the lawn in search of food for her screaming young ones which are nestled in their oak home. Now their lives are sheltered with their mother's constant care. Soon, however, they will be taught how to live independently and they will be in search of food for their own young.

Honey bees are busy gathering the sweet nectar from the beautiful flowers. They appear to be concerned only with getting their work done. The flowers don't seem to be aware of life around them. They just grow more beautiful and show off their beauty to the world.

A squirrel darts up the tree in front of me. A cat is following far behind. Being a sport, he scurries to the foot of the

tree. A few leaves fall and then an acorn. Now it's the squirrel's turn to have some fun. He chatters occasionally, tantalizing the cat. They play their little game for a few minutes and then the cat, becoming aggravated, walks away. The noisy, jesting squirrel is left at his annual task of gather ing nuts and acorns to store for the winter.

Even the ants, like a little army, are climbing up the side of my soda can trying to get some of the sweet drink.

I didn't have to walk out in the woods or in a field to see these various aspects of nature. In fact, this is what I observed by simply looking about me on a bench on this campus.

From my observation, I noticed one thing true of all the species. All of them were concerned mainly about their own lives and needs. They weren't worrying about what the day might bring or what the weather would be. The birds sang gleefully in the sunshine. They didn't seem to fear that a cat might take their lives. The flowers just grow. They could enjoy the sunshine now, it would rain later. The bees were busy gathering the nectar for honey. If there wasn't enough nectar in one flower, they could always find another. The squirrel in planning for winter gathers acorns. If there aren't plenty now, there will be soon.

We, as human beings, can learn a lesson from nature. We should live every day individually. Of course, we have to look ahead and plan. Yet, there's no need to worry.

"Wherefore, if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Roseanne Wilson

OF WONDER AND WOODS

I have often heard that, in life, "while you gain, you lose." I have found this to be true because as I further my education in college and leave home, I lose the carefree farm life that I have taken for granted for so many years. At last I have grown up and lost childhood forever.

During my years on the farm I had brothers and a sister to keep me company. Danny, who is three years younger than I, was always my closest companion. We shared anger as well as happiness together. My sister, Mary Ann, who is four years younger, usually stayed at the house during our exploits. My younger brothers, Phillip, who is ten years younger, and Randy, who is fifteen years younger usually got in the way but we didn't complain too much when they wanted to be part of our "gang."

One of the things that I liked most about summer on the farm was going to the back field when the young rye was about a foot high to relax and think. I well remember wondering about Nature's beauty around me as I lay on the springy carpet in the field surrounded by trees and open to the bright blue sky. I wondered if the same trees had watched an Indian lie on the same spot and admire the summer world with a delight such as mine. I wondered if the fluffy white clouds which had beheld the crowded, hot, dirty city were glad to see someone enjoying the quiet beauty of Nature. I wondered if

the scarlet cardinal which was singing in the pine tree was the one to which we had fed bread crumbs all winter. I wondered if there were people who had never breathed the pure air of the country with the slight "woodsy" smell. I wondered if I would ever be content to live away from the springy bed of rye and the peaceful woods and sky.

On our farm we had large drainage ditches which were about five feet deep but usually contained only a foot of water. In them we fished, launched boats, and sank them under a shower of dirt clods. Along the banks we built little "stone" walls with pieces of broken asphalt and called them our villas. There was constant rivalry as we each tried to build the biggest villa because the owner of the largest was the ruler. We also enjoyed damming up the ditches and making little splashing water-falls.

On the farm, it was fun to watch the fields of corn and soy beans make little dots on the ground, outline little rows, grow and flourish, then flower and produce with vigor. The corn was always so yellow and juicy and the soy beans were such a bright green that it seemed impossible that the plants must die and the grain must dry before it is any good. This simple illustration showed me that we must age before we are any good to society because it is in aging that our power to produce wisdom grows strong as we accumulate experience.

I will always remember the flower garden that we planted one year, because it gave me a real feeling of accomplishment. First,

we cleared and marked off a spot in the field beside the house and told our farmer that we wanted a garden there. He left it for us and we began work immediately. Danny and I spread shavings in the chicken house to earn three dollars with which we ordered some cheap rose bushes that we had seen advertised in the Progressive Farmer. When they arrived, we planted them with great care in our "formal" garden. We tried very hard to make our little plot have the elegance and form that we had seen in the fabulous du Pont estate, Longwood Gardens. When we saw and ad in the paper stating that irises were for sale for twenty-five cents a division, we started saving our money. Unfortunately, by the time we went to get our plants, the flowers were gone and we had to guess about the colors. Next, we went to the woods with our wagon and brought back many loads of pine needles which were put on the paths. We bought packets of seeds, planted them, then carefully transplanted the tiny flowers. Finally, the little garden was brillian t with color. After the first summer, however, we began to show less interest in the garden, and it soon declined in its glory.

As very enterprising young kids, we were always thinking up ways to make money. One day we set up a little table by the road and picked blackberries all morning to stock it. No one stopped and we were disappointed that we got no reward for our work. Then we went to the house and to our delight, Mother bought all the berries and we had them for supper. Our next enterprise was that of selling grapes, then tomatoes, then huckleberries. Each, however, ended in failure and disappointment.

We had some beautiful woods on our place and constantly played in them. My brothers and I built tree houses and tried our luck at swinging on long ropes, but when I collided with at tree one day, we decided to give up this pastime. We also built roads and paths through the woods to places which were especially beautiful. We would pretend to have cities and each one had a name. We also looked for good "fields" of crowfoot and holly to come back to at Christmas time. There were little ditches which ran all through our woods and we could never explain just how they got there or what they were for. We used to follow them all through the woods and often found something new like the site of an old saw mill or a little pond. There were times, of course, when we were so lost that we didn't know what to do. I remember that one time we came out of the woods about a mile from home and had to try to find our way back. It took us almost all day.

The things in the sumer which absolutely terrified me were the big thunderstorms. I remember once that we were sitting in the living room with everything unplugged hoping that the storm would pass quickly. The lightning was terrible! Suddenly Danny jumped up and exclaimed that lightning had just struck the big tree across the road. Then we heard a horrible crackling and pop and an awfully loud clap of thunder. We realized that lightning had come in on the electric stove in the kitchen. This happened two or three more times and we were scared to death. Finally, the lightning became less frequent and the thunder sounded further away. I can still remember how relieved and happy we were when it was over.

I particularly remember the summer that we got our calf, Golden Nugget. Since we had a barn across the road, we had always wanted a real farm animal. One day in the early spring we saw three black and white calves in our back field and, unbelievingly, we rushed back to try to catch them. With the help of a neighbor, we caught one and took it to our barn. We were thrilled to think that we had a calf in our barn and we stayed on "cloud nine" until the owner came to pick his property up. Mother and Dad hoped that we would forget about calves, but we didn't and constantly hoped and planned for the day when we would have one. Finally they gave in, and in the early summer we got a pretty little Guernsey. We stayed at the barn day and night until we became used to having our new pet. We soon had to build a little pasture out of barbed wire beside the barn so that Nugget would have plenty of room to run around. While we were working on this, we took her out with a halter to eat the grass that grew in front of the barn. She was always a spirited calf and I can remember times when she pulled the halter out of my hands and ran at top speed, with everyone chasing her, through the fields until she got tired and was ready to be taken home for her dinner and water bucket. We enjoyed Nugget all summer but when the excitement of having a calf wore off, we sold her to the farmer who tended our land.

Indeed, I have lost much in coming to college for I have closed a chapter in my life. Although I have much to look forward to, I will always hold the memories of growing up on our farm as very precious.

Gerry Wood

CAPE COD

As far as the human eye could see, that beautiful sun-kissed day was the enchanting land of Cape Cod. Compared to the modern bustling cities it seemed centuries behind the times. As I first walked on the cobblestone street in old Nantucket Isle, I heard the foghorn and saw the think gray pea-soup roll in, smothering the greeting of the sea gull which is commonly seen mornings instead of the rooster. More of such animals were flying low over the fish market.

The illusion of the long-ago times was broken by the pounding surf and I suddenly felt the warm, cozy sand between my toes while the crisp, fresh air chilled my bones.

The oozing mush, made by the water and sand, held me tight although I felt myself slipping off the smooth green rocks. The whitewashed lighthouse looked lonely and forlorn in its rocky patch of land. The shiny metal of the light glowed brilliantly in the bright sunlight. The whiplash of the forty-degree water against my ankles aroused me from my inescapable trance enough to skip hurriedly out of the water. I impatiently pulled the slimy seaweed off my blue toes and continued up the rocky shore to my towel.

Still shivering, I looked around to find still more historic sights. There was the rusty old windmill protesting to the wind with every move. Still searching, I absentmindedly glanced to

the sand a few yards away in front of me. There on the sand was a set structure. Curiously I ran toward it, anxiously wondering what it was. As I grew closer I could see the carefully built towers of a sand castle. There were fallen men and cannons as they had been left discarded for a better toy. I had found a sand castle. Its majestic towers on every corner and men at every wall made me feel sure it had been attacked by the powerful sea, whose imprints had continually gotten closer and closer. It seemed also to be a long-forgotten island that had not changed but one that saw its original people carried off by an uncontrollable urge. They'd felt an urge to break away from the simple life and be a part of the world.

On the town common sat a drably dressed hippie; bedraggled and lost in his mind of fantastical dreams that would not come true because of his own worldly convictions. I thought he might have been a simple child from Cape Cod who'd been captured by the cruel world. I kept walking faster and faster, my mind unbelieving that the people would give up the enlightening peace known only at Cape Cod. I ran until finally I was alone on a ridge overlooking the nestled village in the vale. I saw the bright reds and golds of autumn come alive and felt the sleepy quietness of the drowsy island.

The sun was just setting now and the tourists were flocking back to their cars and the bustle of life. Hesitantly they came back on their worn bicycle paths surrounded by the sand dunes and dwarfed trees. These paths were the only touch of mankind on the natural setting.

The horseback riders sadly returned their worn animals to the stable manager only to ride again, this time in a more modern vehicle, back to reality.

The sinking sunset made an unearthy haze over the swamp. This unnatural beauty and stillness is well-known to old Cape Cod.

The monotonous lapping of the water was captured on the sparkling sand by the early moonlight and the stillness of the hour.

The old fishermen arose, with aches and groans, from the old pier to journey home. They had experienced a nothing-to-do afternoon that is common to native Cape Codders.

Along the rocky coastline they'd see bits of shells and small animals burying themselves in the sand and of course the beacon of light shining, automatically, to distressed ships at sea. Except for this difference, the coast of Cape Cod has not changed. There are still animals clinging to rocks as their ancestors had done of old; pitting their very life against the changeless sea.

The ancient men talk by the old pot-bellied stove in the general store about the lonely light housekeeper, whose job they once knew and loved. They talked of the time when it wasn't unusual to have a loved one on a long journey taken by the sea. The sea was both friend and foe to them; it took but it also gave back.

Over the slippery waves that make Cape Cod what it really is, are the ghosts of bearded sailors from long ago, repeating the direct orders of the day to their seamen who yelled "aye,aye" or "yes sir" in quick reply or lose their life.

The white masts went up with a mighty cry and the lookout took his place in the crows nest. Hovering over thier small boats are the sea gulls wailing their hungry cries to the wind.

All quiet now, except for the creaks from the pitch and roll of the ship as it makes its way through the rough sea.

On the ceaseless wind you hear the song of old sea captains and heroes of the deep, calling young boys to take their place on the wild sea and follow them to high adventure and great treasure of the deep.

In the distance you can hear the great roar of the cannons and the shouts of the men as they fly to the ropes to secure the masts.

The small boy, with the too large hat and the heavy sword, is seen shouting demanding orders to older seamen. "Forward men," he cries and "a long walk off a short plank for anyone who is a coward" comes the raging yell above the clang of the sword fights and the booming guns as they entered into the enemies firing range.

Soon his mother comes to comfort her screaming child who she thinks is having a nightmare; he clings to her and sobs while she rocks him again to sleep.

Cape Cod, who had indeed been alive like this with real men once, has since fallen asleep under an overpowering spell and has not been able to awaken enough to throw it off. It has not acknowledged how its own privacy has been invaded. It does not know that the simple way of life has been passed and that a new kind of people has replaced the vanishing old.

The money hungry and the rich have met together here to form an unbreakable bond for life. Competition is keen and the sense of value is placed only on money.

Modern designed buildings are replacing the natural Cape Cod shingles. Modern roads are being built around new land holdings. There are few rutty sandy roads left and these are traveled only by the most private citizens of summer homes who wish to keep tourists out. Everywhere are unknown people pointing wildly at the few remaining natural landmarks.

The once quiet cobblestone streets are uprooted by new buildings and are unseen because of the flocks of curious people. They seem to be visiting an ancient civilization that's growing more ancient every summer season.

The park benches are absent or are left lonely for no one has the time now to stop and relax on them. Only the very oldest sailors who weave their tales of old, and the sea gulls. The old sea dogs mournfully look into their master's eyes for they once knew the joy of which their old grey master sopke so eagerly as if it would bring back the days.

Seeing this immense change in the land which had become a stranger to me, with mouth opened in shock I rushed back to my boat and gathered my gear to start the long trek home. Seeing each new detail as I went, my eyes grew larger and my feet hurried faster to see if my old home too had changed. I remembered vividly that I too had been called by the sea when I was a boy and how my

mother had held me tightly, rocking me back to sleep after the fantastic dream of the cruel sea.

When I neared my old home I was slowed down to a relaxed jog and it seemed to take forever to go just a few feet.

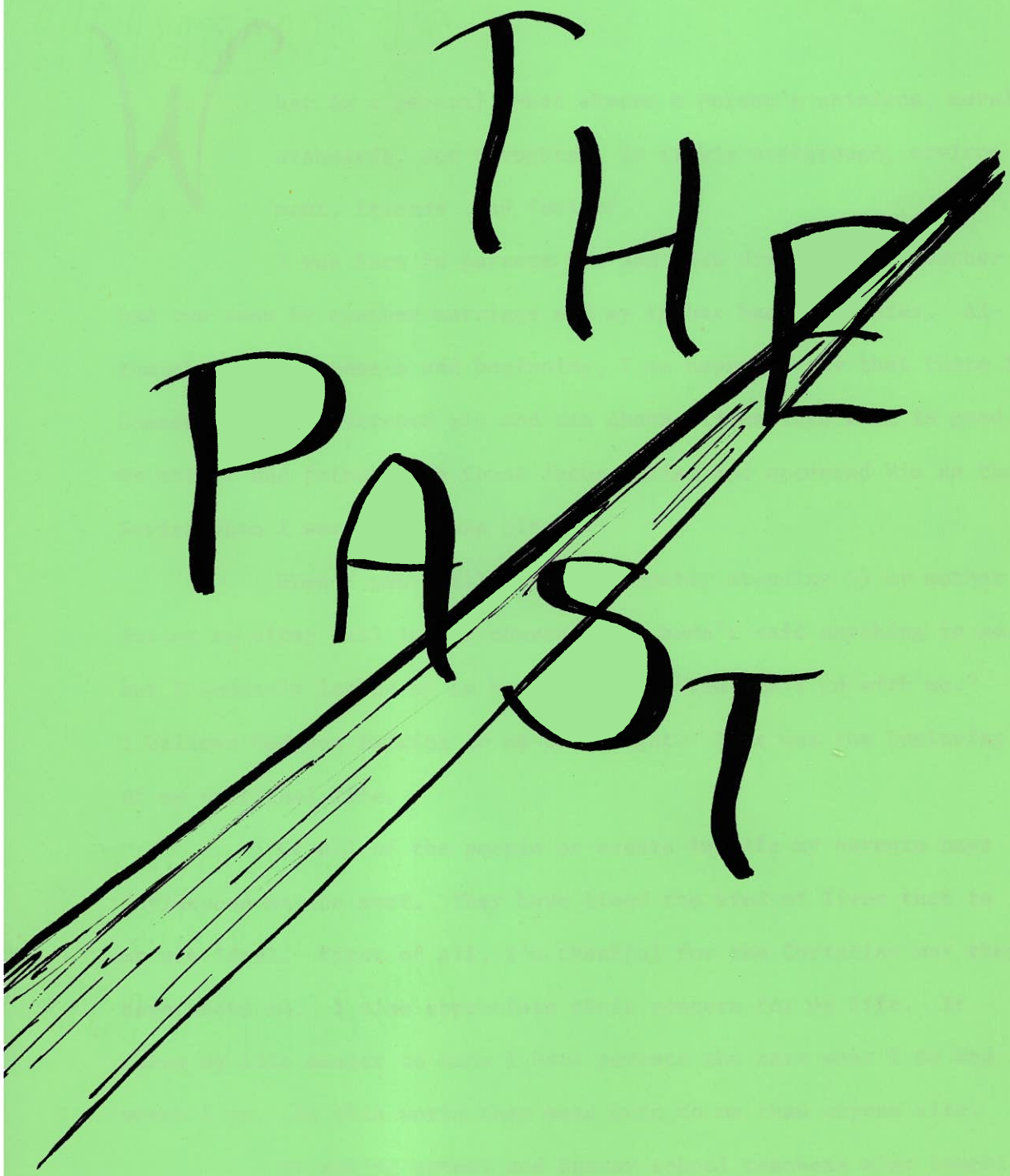
Everything around me was out of proportion; widened and blurry. The harder I tried to reach my destination the longer it seemed to take and I knew that my home hadn't changed after all. I could see the soft colored leaves lazily fall from the old oak tree to the cobblestone street below. The weathered bridge over the small gurgling stream was still the same. The now yellowed bamboo chair was there waiting for me and I slid into it gratefully. With my dog beside me I felt at last at home with the Cape Cod I knew and cherished.

Ruth Wilson

BEAUTY

'Beauty!' Ah, what a marvelous, descriptive word! 'Beauty!' So marvelous and encompassing. Beauty is a flower, proclaiming its existence to all who see it. Beauty is the sky, blanketing the earth at night with its velvety smoothness. Beauty is a man and a woman, together, proud to be alive and free, having the world as their own, with no limits or boundaries for their wanderings. Beauty is all things, made and endowed with love by the great creator in one encompassing, all beautiful and lovely substance called. . . the Universe. . .

Herbert Pilgrim


THE
PAST

WHO AM I?

What is a person? What shapes a person's opinions, morals, standards, and thoughts? Is it his background, environment, friends, and family?

I was born to parents who had been divorced. My mother had two sons by another marriage and my father had a daughter. Although my life seems a sad beginning, I am happy to say that there is Someone who can overcome sin and can change lives into what is good. My mother and father both found Jesus Christ and accepted Him as their Savior when I was four years old.

When I was still young I remember standing by my mother during an altar call in our church. Mom hadn't said anything to me, but I suddenly looked up to her and said, "You won't go with me." I believe God was talking to me that night. That was the beginning of my spiritual life.

Of all of the people or events in life my parents have influenced me the most. They have lived the kind of lives that to me are ideal. First of all, I'm thankful for the Christian way they have shown me. I also appreciate their concern for my life. It makes my life easier to know I have parents who care what I do and where I go. In this world they mean more to me than anyone else.

My public school and Sunday school teachers also taught me many things. The well-planned lessons and the great wisdom of

these teachers encouraged me. Yet I think I learned even more by the examples they showed each day by their lives. They taught me to love and to care for my neighbors, to be a friend to the friendless. From my teachers, I learned to have patience and to respect others.

My friends at church and at school played an important part in my life. The one friend I think of first is my first minister's daughter. She lived across the street from me, so we were together most of the time. Janice was my only friend to whom I told my secrets and innermost thoughts. I could trust her and know she would understand. I think the main reason was that we both, even at an early age, loved God and were reconciled to Him and to each other. My other friends at school were important to me and I loved each of them, but they didn't think as I did or live for the same reasons I lived. My church friends were closer in that there was a mutual love for God and a Christian understanding among us. When I had a problem, they were always ready with encouraging words and would remind me of God's care.

This past summer I met new friends at the mill where I worked. It was a wood-turning corporation that produced ice-cream sticks, tooth picks, and spoons. Most of the employees had no college education and many hadn't even graduated from high school. The majority of them were older than I was. There was one girl who was about my age. She was nineteen, single, and the mother of two young boys. She was very considerate, intelligent and had a wonderful personality. I thought many times what potential a person has. I f only she could have seen before or could see now that she could have a full and

abundant life. I think I've never been moved as I was for her with such a desire for someone to know Christ and to feel His love. I had a burden on my heart for all of my fellow workers. I wanted them to know the God I love and to see His power and His grace. I am disturbed when I think that these are only a few; there are millions all over the world without Christ.

One thing that has influenced my life is Maine, my home state, and nature. They might seem irrelevant to many people, but they have affected me.

Since I have been at college, many people have asked me where I am from. When I say, "Maine," they usually say that it's a backward state or that it's "up in the sticks." In the beginning these remarks didn't bother me. Since I returned to school from last weekend, they have. I hadn't realized how much Maine meant to me until I had gone away and returned. I think perhaps it's better that Maine doesn't progress rapidly if it's going to become a state of crime. In my home town or almost any town in Maine, I would think nothing of going for a walk late in the evening. Here in Massachusetts I wouldn't think of walking off campus alone at night. It's not just this state but in the majority of the states, there is this fear. In Maine there are seldom riots and the crime rate is low. This fact in itself shows a uniqueness.

Maine is important to me because of what it has--not just what it doesn't have. There is a sense of wildness, an attribute of nature. One can feel a breeze that's not arrested by tall buildings;

one can taste the sweetness of the flowers and the fresh air. There is room for nature to flourish abundantly, room for plants and animals to live in peace.

Several times, especially this summer, I went to one of the fields behind my house and sat down near the stone wall. I looked across to the trees and looked at the patterns they formed against the sky. I would note the birds' cheerful singing and could sense the freedom they felt. I wish some of my friends who criticize Maine could go there and feel the ecstasy of it all. It has been important in the development of my life because it has given me the opportunity to take time out and search my life. In many places we get so involved in the social activities and other businesses of life that we lose our percetpiveness. We lose sight of the important things in life while wasting our time on the petty things. Maine and nature have shown me a wisdom in Nature.

The second most important influence in my life is my church--the Church of the Nazarene. I might not have been a Christian today if it wasn't for the church. The church as a people has been a tremendous aid in my Christian life also. Most of the parish are older and have tried the ways of the world. From their experiences and their testimonies I have seen the marvelous workings of God and have a clearer vision of the right way.

All of these influences have been necessary in shaping my life. God has given me life in order to glorify Himself and has molded it. I believe he has used these teachers, friends, the church,

and my parents for the finishing touches.

I've never had any real problems in life, although there have been a few insignificant troubles, but even in the smallest aspects of life, God has led me. I have one weakness that sometimes diminishes my faith. I let myself worry about future events although I know I can trust the Lord. When I was in high school and last summer especially I worried about going to college. I dreaded leaving home and my friends to go to a school out of state. And besides I had heard from several sources that I wouldn't fimd many Christians. Now I see how foolish I was to fret about it. I have many Christian friends, Christian teachers, and a fine church. I'm sure Christian college life will prove to be another good influence in my life.

Whenever I think what or where I might have been today if God hadn't saved me, I shudder. I don't think I could live without knowing that God is ready to help me in all things I couldn't be happy with out the peace He gives to me. He is the center of everything in my life and without Him, I would fail.

Rosanna Wilson

TWO'S COMPANY

"Twins! That's wonderful! Oh, they're so cute!" That's probably what was said over and over again when my brother and I were presented to all our family and friends way back in the cold days of mid-December, 1950. Identical twins... the chances for a woman to have twins is one out of 50 births, or something like that, and the chance for them being identical, not fraternal, is a fraction of that estimate. But there we were, twins, looking up into the world through our misty, half-closed, uncomprehending eyes. You know, we could've been the ugliest little monsters born in Brooklyn Jewish Hospital, but we were twins, and that made us so much more interesting.

There are, I suppose, some disadvantages as well as many advantages that go along with growing up with your mirror image, but for little boys between the ages of three and thirteen it was all fun. Wearing the same clothes to confuse friends and sometimes teachers in school (the latter pranks were the cause of many "seat-warmings" for the two of us), looking through windows at each other and trying to make the same faces, contributed to years of fun for Demitri and me.

As we grew older and entered Junior High school, we matured a bit and didn't play the same stunts that we used to play on adults and friends. We did, however, get into far more dangerous

predicaments than mere "seat-warmings," for it was in junior high school that girls became involved with us or vice versa. When I was tongue-lashed once by one of these tempermental creatures for messing around with other girls, I didn't bother explaining anything, I just shut her up the best I knew how and showed her the real "culprit," and summarily shocked the sense into her. There were many other instances where either one or the other of us knew somebody well, and the other didn't know the person at all. You can imagine some of the situations we would get into when one of us walked right past a friend of the other and didn't speak, or even glance at him or her!

Then, there were our high school days. Here, we purposely mixed and divided our feminine company. We went through long nights of extensive "briefing," (when we should have been studying) on where to sit in a particular class, which girls and boys to speak to, and where they sit, (expertly laid out on a map of all seats in the classroom.) This deception was carried on successfully for some time, until I felt (through association with "special" young ladies) that the practice was wrong and we had better stop.

Now we are separated for the first time in our lives by a distance of more than four hundred miles, and soon it will be one thousand miles as my "other self" goes to fight with our marines in Viet Nam.

It is at this time when I feel most depressed, not waking up and seeing "me" across the room, but the memories of our many happily-spent days should refresh me until we see each other again.

It's great, having a twin!

Herbert Pilgrim

FROM MY CHILDHOOD

I came from a little country in Europe with the name of Norway. I was born on a farm in a valley, in the west part of Norway in 1944. It was in the end of the second war. My family lived on a farm. We had good food, and it was a good place to be. Many of our family relations came to our farm for to get food. In town they had no work, no money, and no food.

I had a very happy childhood. Nature is beautiful around where I live. The fjord goes in between big, round, friendly mountains. Up from the fjord goes the valley, four miles long. Through the middle of the valley goes a big river. The river comes from a big lake up at the end of that valley, and makes a big waterfall about two miles down in the valley. From this waterfall the people in the valley have their own electricity. There is salmon in the river, too. Every summer, a lot of people from other countries and from other parts of Norway come to fish salmon.

When I was a little girl, my mother and father would go up to the big mountains with the cows in the summertime because there was better grass for the cows, and they would give more milk up there. It was a long way to go, so my father carried me on his back, the first few years I was with them. We used to go up every evening, and stay there overnight, and come down to the farm again in the early morning, to do the work down there. We had to get in

enough food for the animals in the long winter. And we grew potatoes, vegetables, and different berries for ourselves. When we were up in the mountain, my mother used to make different types of cheese for us to eat. It was delicious. There are also two lakes up there, where I learned to row a boat, and to fish. It is peaceful and quiet. What you hear are birds singing, cows rauting and the brook rippling. If you take a trip longer in over the mountains you come to another lake, and in view you can see the tall mountain with a white glacier over the top like a hat. It is beautiful on a nice warm summer day.

The times go from summer to fall, and on the farm it is a hectic time to get everything in the house before it gets too cold. We get the animals home. From the sheep, we take out what we will sell, what we have for food for ourselves, and what we let live. We cut the wool of the sheep, and make up a lot of food from the meat to have in the long wintertime. The children start school. The trees, grass and flowers lose the nice color, and turn grey. The days get shorter, and shorter, it is dark early and it gets cold. Every day seems to be routine, at school and at home. All of us are looking forward to Christmas. The long holidays. The turn of the year, when everything begins to go the other way. In the beginning of December we get the first snow to stay for a long time. It makes everything white. The children love it. They make snowhouses, snowmen, and they are out to try their skiis and handsledge.

Christmas comes. The children are free of school till after

the New Year. Christmas evening is the highest day for us children. We can hardly wait to see what Santa Claus has brought us. But first my parents have to give all the animals their Christmas presents. Extra food to all of them. Afterward we have a big, nice dinner. My mother reads from the Bible, and we go around the Christmas tree and sing the beautiful old songs. Then it is time to see all those gifts Santa Claus has brought us. You see torn papers and ribbon everywhere, and in glad faces and shining eyes. After a little time, time to go to bed.

First Christmas day is all of us going to church. My mother and father take care of the animals, after we all have breakfast together. My father puts the horse in front of a sledge. We all have on warm coats. It is clear and cold. The trees are heavy with snow and very, very pretty. Off we go. We meet a lot of other people going to church too. In the church is a solemn mood. All people are happy. The next few days pass with family parties and children's festivals. The young people go to balls. New Year's evening is a meeting in the church. If it is clear, cold weather with a moon shining, and you come to a candlelighted church, you see many happy faces. It is an evening you never will forget. With the New Year you go into a new time, with many good wishes, but you don't know what the year will bring to you of good and bad.

So we are back to the routine again. The days get longer and longer. One day we see the sun come out of the sky. It gets warmer every day. Before we know, Easter is here. And we have long

holidays again. People plan and work to come out of the city or town and out to nature. They stay in a long line to come in a train or a bus up to the mountain, where they have a hut or a hotel-room. There they can put on skiis and go over the white field, which shines as if it has a thousand stars. It is a real vacation. Afterwards we come back to work like a new person, full of energy. Very soon after Easter, we can see the spring is coming. The snow starts melting, it is warmer everywhere. The trees are beginning to be green. The first flower is coming up from the field. Pretty soon it's time to work on the field again, to sow what you want to harvest. It is a beautiful time.

There is nothing better for a child than to see how everything begins, lives and dies, and how one season goes into the others to fulfill what is started.

Martha Savland

SHE'S THE BEST BOY I GOT!

I was brought up with three boys; I was the youngest member of the family, and I happened to be the only girl. Now, do these factors warrant the evolution of a tomboy? They did for me. While brothers are wrestling each other, building tents, lifting weights, climbing trees, working on cars, doing all kinds of interesting things, it is just impossible for one lonely little girl to sit playing with her dollies and not interrupt or want to help her big brothers. My brothers, being three individualists, naturally reacted to my intrusion in their own different ways.

My brother David appreciated my intrusion. In fact, he welcomed it and used it to his own benefit. He would be busily sketching, drawing, and painting, for he was going to art school, when I would investigate to see what the clinking brushes were producing, only to be used as a model, or not so glamourous, as apparatus, which meant that I slapped my hands in his gooey paint and slapped handprints on a piece of poster paper which would become one of his originals. But David was not only my employer, he was also my teacher. I had my first acrobatics lesson at the early age of six months, when he balanced me, wobbly-legged, standing on his open palm. With my first pair of skates, which he gave me, he trained my young stubborn feet to glide smoothly across the slippery ice. But David did not give me lessons in acting like a boy,

although I often imitated him in dress. It was my two other brothers who gave me my tomboy lessons.

I remember my brother Gary and I wrestling. This was his way of showing his affection for me. We'd toss and tumble, knock over tables, pull arms and legs in directions they weren't meant to go and finally I whimpered "uncle." He never let me win, but I always came back for more. Gary was a great football player, so naturally I had to be one too. And to this day I still play football in the street, or on the beach.

But my brother Jim didn't "teach" me to be a tomboy; with him it was a necessity for self defense. He constantly and adamantly refused to let me play with him or go anywhere with him. If he built a tent, I couldn't touch it, so I went out and built one of my own. If he climbed a tree, I couldn't climb it, so I found a tree of my own to climb. However, there were times when I was confronted with my brother and that's when the sparks flew. And the sparks flew like the Fourth of July fireworks. We didn't fight for the fun of it, we fought to win. Being three years older than I, he was taller, stronger, and more strategic than I and consequently I emerged from a valiant but lost battle, bruised both physically and morally. So time passed, our fights became more verbal than physical, and I soon acquired a typical tomboy sharp tongue, some remnants of which still remain.

Between wrestling for the fun of it, fighting for the need of it, playing football in the street, climbing trees, making teepees and even wearing boys clothes, I became the toughest tomboy on

my block. And if there were ever any doubt in my mind about my being a tomboy I would always recall my father saying to me, "You're the best boy I got!"

Dorothy Dixon

WHEN I BECAME A YOUNG ADULT

Sixth grade--to me this was the peak of success. I had waited for six years to reach this height of achievement. In my earlier grade school years I had watched enviously as the older kids played on the larger swings, and sat on the bleachers in assembly, while I sat miserably in my too-small chair that I had to carry from the room. I always consoled my self at these moments by saying to myself, "Some day I will be in sixth grade."

So here I was at last. What a great feeling it was to know that I belonged to the oldest and, in my estimation, the most superior class in the school. It was such a self-satisfying feeling to know that I was a privileged character at Waterford Elementary.

I was privileged because I was always first in lines: lunch lines, bus lines, assembly lines. I was a privileged character because I was allowed to play on the large swings, and could sit in the bleachers watching those poor "tots" go by carrying their chairs.

During the year I acquired an air of superiority. I felt that I had all of the answers to domestic and world problems. I was as wise, if not wiser, than either my parents or my teacher. I had the entire world on my side--after all, I was a sixth-grader!!!

But then dawned the day when I became a seventh-grader, and I began life at Fort Le Boeuf High School. I found I was not at all prepared for high school. I had thought that I would remain a

superior bein g, and a world philosopher. Bus alas, I found out all too quickly that I was nothing but an ignorant, uncoordinated twelve-year-old kid!

I wandered down the hall in a daze as upperclassmen sneered at me, jeered at me, and pushed and shoved me. I somehow managed to be the victim of various pranks such as walking into a broom closet labeled "Elevator."

I also found myself last in lines: lunch lines, assembly lines, bus lines. If I ever managed to sneak to the front of a line, I was promptly shoved back where the "dumb seventh-graders" belonged.

My classes were also a downfall to my ego. It didn't take long for me to realize that I dodn't know half of what I thought I did. It was a consolation to find that my fellow-seventh graders shared this ego-shattering experience. We all clustered together to face the sneering mob of upperclassmen, vowing to protect one another from the big bullies.

The teachers were no help to me in my dilemma. It seemed as if they just stood back laughing as we went through this torture. I imagined it as similar to the early Christians being tossed to the tigers while the crowd just stood back and laughed.

I felt I would never make it through those first few weeks of high school, but somehow I did. And as I look back on this time in my life, I realize it was a major turning point in my life. My environment had changed, and my entire outlook on life had changed.

My ego had been deflated, and in those first few weeks of high school, my attitude was one of resentment and loneliness. But

I soon overcame these feelings, and challenged myself to stop acting like a child and start acting like a young adult.

Peggy Dougherty

I BELIEVE IN GOD

When you look at nature and see its beauty, how do you explain its existence? I believe that only a powerful God could create such phenomenon. When you think about the sun, stars, and planets, how do you explain their exact position in space? Could a man have possibly placed them in space? I believe that only an omnipotent God could do this. When you marvel at a new life coming into the world, how do you explain the ability to reproduce? I believe that only an almighty God could perform such a miracle.

Whenever I am in a crowd of people, I like to watch the ones with sunny smiles and sparkling eyes. I can't help but wonder if they believe in God. More times than not, people who are happy are those who believe in God. I have never known an atheist personally, but I'm sure he doesn't have any happiness, security, or contentment in his life.

Thinking back to the many experiences I have had, I realize the reality of God and the strength of His love for each human being on earth. God has been with me throughout my life and has guided me when problems blocked my pathway.

As a child I didn't give much thought to the greatness of God and His love for us. I played outdoors in the sunshine and saw nature in all its beauty, but I never thought about who had

created all those beautiful scenes. I never thought about why I was here and what the purpose of my life was. I never thought about why I went to the Nazarene church and followed the rules in its doctrine. My parents set an example for me to follow in the Christian way of life, but I couldn't live by their faith in God, I had to live by my own.

I often wondered if my belief in God was any different from people who attended other denominations. One of my girlfriends was Catholic and I sometimes went into her church while she said a prayer of confession. The church was dark, the candles were at various places, and the statues were on the platform in the front. After going in she knelt at the altar and said a prayer to the statues. I had the strangest sensation in that church and I didn't understand how a statue answered prayer.

The mystery of death bothered me more than anything else when I was younger. Whenever I heard about someone dying I tried to shut out the feelings of fear, confusion, and uncertainty. What would happen to me if I died? Is dying just being buried in the ground and rotting till there's nothing left? I knew there had to be more to it than that. The gospel says, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Dying isn't an end, but a beginning. As long as you have Jesus Christ in your heart, you have eternal life.

I have had close calls with death that have given me a different attitude toward death. Early one morning I was driving the car on the highway, when suddenly the unexpected happened.

A tire blew out and the car went out of control. The car swerved off the road and spun around several times, then it stopped right in the middle of a picnic area. If the tire had blown up further down the road, we would have gone over a bank. I knew that truly God had been with us.

Growing up physically and spiritually seemed to go hand in hand for me. As each event or trial arrived in my life, I began to depend more and more on God for His strength and love to guide me.

Sunday School gave me new insights in the Bible and helped me to understand the stories about God, but it didn't give me the true experience I needed for having a faith and trust in God.

Junior and senior high school played a big part in developing my mental and spiritual attitudes. I was always worrying about grades, teachers, and what the kids thought of me. Teachers scared me to death and I usually shook all over when asked a question. The hurdles I had to jump in school taught me to put my trust in God and to rely on Him for every need.

Changing schools is hard, especially when the standard of the school is different from the previous one. Breaking the ties of old friends and starting new ones makes it rough for preacher's kids. Going through this made me grow into a more mature person as well as gain a closer relationship with God. It was also a time when I realized how important prayer and fellowship with God is. Before each day began I had a short prayer session and went to classes with a confidence I otherwise hadn't known. It took a while for me to make new friends, but I overcame my fears and began to go out of

my way to smile and say hi to anyone passing by.

College brought an entirely new outlook on my feelings toward faith and what it can mean to a Christian. I never knew I could feel so alone until coming to college. There are no parents or close friends for you to depend on for guidance. It is a perfect time for you to put your trust completely in God and to know He is with you as each day goes by. I found this out for myself.

Today, I know that the main source of my belief in God is the Bible. Each book of the Bible has its own importance to the understanding of the Christian beliefs. Throughout the Bible, God spoke directly to men inspiring them to do His will. In the Old Testament, prophets were special messengers of God and they had close relationship with Him. The New Testament tells the story of Jesus Christ who is the Son of God. The life of Jesus showed to men by His existence in human form what God is like. Jesus was the example of God in human flesh. Whose who know Jesus Christ know God.

People all over the world are searching for peace, but looking in the wrong places. They aren't aware of a God who is with them at all times and who loves them. No one can be sure about the future, but with God on his side, one needs to have no fear of tomorrow.

Kathy Swift

A YEAR OF UNIQUENESS

I remember a year spent at a small school located deep within the mountains of Kentucky. It was there, close to the pounding heart beat of nature, that I underwent a most dramatic stage of development. For this was not an ordinary school, but one with a purpose. It s founders and the workers following them felt a deep commitment to educate youth in a Christian atmosphere, with a desire not only to sultivate the minds but also the spiritual sould of their students.

Their purpose was not merely to open my eyes to the sciences and arts but also to help me relate these facts to myself and to the universe around me and thereby to help me receive a true knowledge of my Creator. What better place than amidst the tranquility of the mountains, close to the very essence of life, to present such a concept. What better time than at the point in adolescence when the inquisitive mind seeks answers to present truth.

There was, of course, a period of conflict, of bewilderment. I remember a story, a tale of salvation, of light, hope and love. A story of an almighty God who had created an infinite universe, yet a God interested in me--a meek and lowly mortal. To say this story was difficult to believe would barely describe my reaction, and the impact of the story caused my mind no little unease. Following this uneasiness was a period of bewilderment, for this feeling was one I had

never experienced before. I was literally dumbfounded. Being unable to orientate myself to this feeling, I found my bewilderment giving way to fear. I behaved in the manner of a misunderstanding child in rebellion, in open defiance of the truth. But I also remember a time of enlightenment, of discovery, finding my identity and ultimately a meaning. I remember the acceptance of truth.

There arose from this experience a purpose: To serve humanity and perhaps in some small way to aid in finding the solutions to our social problems. Years have passed, and the time at Mt. Carmel is now only a memory. Now I'm at another institution, still studying, still searching for greater truths. But then--this is the necessary preparation for service.

Thomas Ramsey

Most Athletic

Sue Calhoun
Ron Bradley

Most Academic

Jan Simonson
Don Yerxa

Best Dressed

Dawn Founds
Mark Bromley

Best Looking

Sara Andrews
Ed Swain

Most Talented

Jan McElwee
Chris Lindbloom

Most Talkative

Sue Townsend
Gerry Wood

Friendliest

Pris Fallon
Dan Shea

Wittiest

Alice Owens
John Whitman

Class Flirts

Thelma Ramsey
Jim Andrews

Most Individualistic

Becky Ragonese
Dan Shea

Most Likely to Succeed

Jan Simonson
Walt Chew

Best All Around

Daena Golden
Don Kauffman

Reflections of the Greenbook Chapel 1969

David L. Adams	Whitinsville, Mass.
David E. Andrews	Salisbury, Md.
James E. Andrews	Hialzah, Fla.
Sara E. Andrews	Williamsburg, Va.
Katharine G. Angell	Quincy, Mass.
Jenny E. Archer	Lynn, Mass.
Kenneth D. Ardrey	Lowell, Mass.
David H. Baharian	Quincy, Mass.
Alice I. Bailey	Wheaton, Md.
Anna L. Bailey	Beltsville, Md.
Judy L. Bambling	Richmond Hill, N.Y.
John A. Bambrick	Weymouth, Mass.
Donald A. Bausman	Solvay, N.Y.
Marcus A. Beals	Reading, Mass.
Nancy J. Beckwith	Vernon, Conn.
Janice M. Berrian	Pennsville, N.J.
Paul E. Bombara	Somerville, Mass.
Carol M. Bond	Concord, N.H.
Fred J. Bonk, Jr.	Dorchester, Mass.
Mark C. Bromley	West Chazy, N.Y.
Lenora F. Brown	Madison, Maine
Susan D. Calhoun	Squantum, Mass.
Valerie A. Campinha	Wareham, Mass.
Virginia L. Carr	Bath, N.Y.
Duana S. Carter	Jamesburg, N.J.
Cynthia F. Charity	Fairfield, Maine
Walter D. Chew	Williamsport, Pa.
Brenda G. Codispoti	Toms River, N.J.
Doris Coleman	Plymouth, Mass.
Deborah F. Colliver	Lansdale, Pa.
Danny B. Conner	Somerset, Pa.
Karen J. Compton	Auburn, N.Y.
Lucy A. Coombs	Kinnelon, N.J.
Recilla L. Cox	Wollaston, Mass.
Faith C. Craft	Manchester, Conn.
Kathryn M. Crosby	Burlington, Vt.
Cynthia L. Cushing	South Weymouth, Mass.
John A. Dalton III	North Bellmore, N.Y.
Rose M. Dettmer	Northampton, Pa.
Kern N. Dickinson	Skowhegan, Maine
Nancy L. Dolin	Bolton, Conn.
Margaret L. Dougherty	Waterfor, Pa.
Edmond J. Doyle, Jr.	Weymouth, Mass.
Blinda M. Drown	Dixfield, Maine

Sheryl R. Eagle	Beaver Falls, Pa.
Roger W. Eames	Quincy, Mass.
Ornan T. Eastman	Schenectady, N.Y.
Judy Emmett	New Platz, N.Y.
Rodney A. Ester	Erie, Pa.
Connie L. Everetts	Robertsdale, Pa.
Priscilla R. Fallon	Wyomissing, Pa.
William J. Fedorowich	Stoughton, Mass.
Carol R. Fleming	West Roxbury, Mass.
Dawn C. Founds	Wilmington, Del.
Eileen G. Garland	Solon, Maine
Irene A. Garland	Solon, Maine
Wendy L. Gaver	Monaca, Pa.
Bruce W. Gilbert	Wilton, Maine
Milton R. Goerlich	Warren, Pa.
Daena M. Golden	Hendersonville, N.C.
Janie D. Graves	Augusta, Maine
Fred L. Greene	Fredonia, N.Y.
Heather D. Greene	New Brunswick, Canada
Les E. Greene	Syracuse, N.Y.
Marilyn D. Gumpert	Spring City, Pa.
Justin K. Hagar	East Weymouth, Mass.
Paul D. Haight	North Quincy, Mass.
Joseph P. Heath	New Sharon, Maine
Jerry A. Heim	Sharon, Pa.
Sharon E. Hemingway	Quincy, Mass.
Frank E. Hendricks	Rindge, N.H.
David S. Hillstrom	Holbrook, Mass.
Paula C. Hock	Bloomsburg, Pa.
Sally J. Holder	Irwin, Pa.
Daniel M. Horblit	Medford, Mass.
Susan C. Johns	Rochester, N.Y.
Karen A. Johnson	North Attleboro, Mass.
Kurt E. Johnson	Quincy, Mass.
Patricia A. Johnson	Arlington, Va.
Roy C. Johnson	South Weymouth, Mass.
Donald P. Kauffman	Pittman, N.J.
Marion B. Kauffman	Wollaston, Mass.
David Keen	Pennsville, N.J.
Donald P. Keith	Orbisonia, Pa.
James M. Kelley	Keene, N.H.
Michele Kelley	Wollaston, Mass.
Barbara A. Kohls	Quincy, Mass.
Richard A. Koning	Blue Island, Ill.
John R. Lee	Royersford, Pa.
Douglas A. Lewis	Staten Island, N.Y.
Roger N. Lewis	Holbrook, Mass.
Christopher W. Lindbloom	Boise, Idaho
Larry M. Little	Houlton, Maine
Judy A. Lockhart	Roanoke, Va.

Cheryl L. Lord	Wollaston, Mass.
Jay B. Lyon	Endicott, N.Y.
Daniel G. McCabe	Kingsville, Md.
Jeanette G. McElwee	New Castle, Pa.
Sally A. Majeska	Manchester, Conn.
Edmond P. Maksvytis	Milton, Mass.
Dianne L. Marcks	Allentown, Pa.
Cynthia A. Mason	Providence, R.I.
Dawn C. Metcalf	New Eagle, Pa.
Judy M. Miller	Girard, Pa.
Vicki C. Milliron	Gaithersburg, Md.
Wayne P. Mills	North Easton, Mass.
Kenneth R. Mingledorff	New Bedford, Mass.
Catherine S. Mitman	Nazareth, Pa.
Robert S. Molleca	Quincy, Mass.
Mary C. Mondillo	Scotia, N.Y.
Martha T. Montrond	East Wareham, Mass.
David Nazelrod	
Ronald A. Niell	South Portland, Maine
Kathleen A. Nickerson	Rochester, N.Y.
Alice W. Owens	Colora, Md.
Bruce B. Parker	Bethlehem, Pa.
Ralph E. Parsons, Jr.	Lynn, Mass.
Penny S. Patmore	Woonsocket, R.I.
James L. Patton	Endicott, N.Y.
Helen L. Petry	Canfield, Ohio
Herbert G. Pilgrim	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Roger L. Pillsbury	Farmington, Maine
Paul D. Potter	Center Ossipee, N.H.
Rebekah A. Ragonese	North Syracuse, N.Y.
Thelma C. Ramsey	Bethlehem, Pa.
Thomas D. Ramsey	Bethlehem, Pa.
David P. Rich	Union, Maine
Kim L. Richardson	Easton, Maine
Joseph Rinaldi	Rever, Mass.
Leslie J. Rodgers	Rochester, N.Y.
Robert E. Rose	Gibonia, Pa.
James L. Ross	Quincy, Mass.
Paul H. Rouse	Concord, Mass.
Joyce E. Ruth	Brownstown, Pa.
Paula K. Savage	Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Patilda Y. Scaggs	Baltimore, Md.
Catharine B. Schofield	Weymouth, Mass.
Diane K. Schubert	Collegeville, Pa.
Donna J. Schubert	Norristown, Pa.
Hope R. Shannon	Schenectady, N.Y.
Daniel K. Shea	Erie, Pa.
Stephen J. Shoff	Manchester, Conn.
Janet G. Simonson	Oceanside, N.Y.
Garry D. Sinclair	Skowhegan, Maine

Larry R. Sisk	Hillside, Md.
David E. Smith	Dalton, Mass.
Larry W. Smith	South Weymouth, Mass.
Barbara A. Sodersjerna	Hingham, Mass.
Margaret R. Souther	Livermore Falls, Maine
Marion D. Starr	Plymouth, Mich.
Arnold Stewart	Canastota, N.Y.
Naomi R. Stewart	Marlborough, Mass.
Ruth M. Stone	Fitzwilliam, N.H.
Balerie J. Straite	Spartansburg, Pa.
Peter R. Struble	Dover, N.J.
Susan B. Sturtevant	Milo, Maine
Eric D. Sutton	Sewell, N.J.
Edward Swain III	Manchester, Conn.
Kathy A. Swift	Washington, Pa.
Ernest K. Taylor	Hendersonville, N.C.
Milton E. Teasdale, Jr.	East Providence, R.I.
Daniel W. Thew	Tacoma Park, Md.
Shirley M. Thompson	Deer Isle, Maine
Melissa J. Timblin	Niagara Falls, N.J.
Ian E. Tink	Bilmont, Mass.
Susan L. Townsend	Jacksonville, Fla.
Wilma J. Tressler	Jerome, Pa.
Gary L. Van Orman	Jasper, N.Y.
Joan M. Vaughan	New Bedford, Mass.
Carol J. Warn	New Bedford, Mass.
Susan J. Watkins	West Farmington, Ohio
Nelson J. Weaver	Vanderbilt, Pa.
Donna J. Whetstone	South Portland, Maine
Marilyn J. White	Saugus, Mass.
John B. Whitman	Hamlin, N.Y.
Donald R. Williams	Merchantville, N.J.
Marsha F. Williams	Uxbridge, Mass.
David E. Wilson	[redacted], [redacted] SOMERS, CONN.
Ruth A. Wilson	Ellenburg Depot, N.Y.
Gerald L. Wood	Delmar, Del.
Hope E. Wool	Parker, Pa.
Gary W. Worley	Richmond, Va.
Elaine Worth	Freeport, Maine
Judy A. Yale	Exeter, N.H.
Donald A. Yerxa	South Portland, Maine
William H. Young III	Pennsburg, Pa.
Rosanna E. Wilson	Strong, Maine
Bonnie J. Post	Endicott, N.Y.

GREENBOOK CHAPEL

May 20, 1969

Theme: "Reflections"

Reflections from past editions of *GREENBOOK*

Selections from 1969 *GREENBOOK*

The Past:

Vicki Milliron
Herb Pilgrim
Dottie Dixon
Kathy Swift
Peggy Dougherty

College:

Don Keith
Jeannie Tressler
Phyllis Bowen

Life:

Nancy Beckwith
Jan Simonson
Herb Pilgrim
Donna Schubert
Bonnie Post
Phyllis Bowen

Love:

Sue Calhoun
Herb Pilgrim
Marlene Nelson

Dedication

Superlatives

"Via, Veritas, Vita" . . . . . Don Bausman